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VOL. XXXVI. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1899. NO. 30.

Official Directory.

STATE.

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[illegible] J. P. S. Gobin.
[illegible] James S. Beacom.
[illegible] G. McCauley.
[illegible] Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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[illegible] Judge—Thomas A. Morrison.
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[illegible] Walter T. Merrick, Blossburg.
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[illegible] J. F. Davis, Smethport.
[illegible] G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
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[illegible] S. D. Weaver, Kane.
[illegible] Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder, [illegible] W. Freeman, J. C. Cannon, Jr., [illegible] A. R. Cory, Corryville.
[illegible] Appraiser—Geo. Richards, Kasson, [illegible] E. R. Sherman, Kendall Creek.
[illegible] School Supt—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

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[illegible] Daniel A. McKean, president; John [illegible], secretary; J. Colegrove, treasurer; [illegible] Chadwick, Ed. Hungerford, Chas. Mc[illegible] J. A. Yerdon.
[illegible] B. L. Knapp, W. Stark, [illegible] S. Bates.
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Judge of Election—G. E. Gill.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, John Hungerford.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
E. D. GALLUP, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets [illegible] evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. [illegible] work Initiatory degree 1st meeting of [illegible] month, 2d degree on second, 3d degree on [illegible] degree on fourth meetings.
R. C. GLEASON, N. G.
M. C. BOATZ, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273, [illegible] the First and Third Wednesdays of each [illegible] I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. S. PATTON, Chief Patriarch.
M. C. BOATZ, Scribe.

[illegible] REBEKAH LODGE, No. 50, I. O. O. F. [illegible] every Monday evening at I. O. O. F.
MARY L. LYMAN, N. G.
[illegible], Sec'y.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 347, meets First and Third Thursday evening of each month at [illegible] in the Odd Fellows Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
[illegible], Adjutant.

W. R. C. Meets Thursday afternoon at [illegible] Hall, Backus Block.
MRS KATE L. WRIGHT, Prest.
[illegible], Sec'y.

[illegible] Smethport Lodge, No. 352, meets [illegible] and last Tuesday evenings in [illegible] in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus [illegible]
SHERIDAN GORTON, M. W.
[illegible], Recorder.

[illegible] Smethport Tent, No. 8, meets [illegible] evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. [illegible] Block.
WASHINGTON STARK, Com.
[illegible] R. K.

[illegible] Brown Hive, No. 18. Meets in A. [illegible] Backus Block, Tuesday afternoon.
MRS. ANNA B. GIFFORD, Com.
[illegible] GIFFORD, R. K.

[illegible] Smethport Branch 31, meets [illegible] fourth Wednesdays of each month [illegible] Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Prest.
[illegible] CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon [illegible] p. m., in the M. E. Chapel,
MISS S. A. SCULL, Prest.
[illegible] M. E. RICHMOND Sec'y.

[illegible] Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on [illegible] Wednesday evenings of each [illegible] Hall.
B. L. KNAPP, Pres.
[illegible] SCULL, Secy.

Churches.

[illegible] Episcopal—I. T. WALKER, D. D., [illegible] Meeting, Sunday morning at 10 [illegible] Preaching at 10.30 a. m. Sunday [illegible] Junior League at 4 p. m. [illegible] at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at [illegible] Young Peoples' meeting, Tuesday [illegible] General prayer meeting Thursday [illegible]

[illegible] HIRAM McCANDLESS, Rector [illegible] Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. [illegible] at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday [illegible] Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
[illegible] (Chapel)—East Smethport [illegible] HIRAM McCANDLESS, Rector [illegible] every Sunday at 2:30 p.m. Sunday [illegible] The Ladies' Guild meets [illegible] at 2 p. m.

[illegible] Catholic Church.—Rev. P. W. [illegible] pastor. Mass at 11 a.m. Service at 11:30 [illegible] school at 3 p. m. Services on [illegible] Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

[illegible] Lutheran—P. L. Nord[illegible] alternate Sunday [illegible] evening services at 7:30 [illegible] Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. [illegible] alternate Tuesday at 8 [illegible]

[illegible] Rev. W. BURROWS, Pastor. Services [illegible] morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 [illegible] school at 11:30 a. m.; Class [illegible] and after evening preaching; [illegible] Meeting, Saturday 7:30 p. m. All [illegible]

[illegible] M. Leach, pastor. Services [illegible] 3:00 p. m.; Sunday School [illegible] gospel service Wednesday evening [illegible]

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THE TREASURE FISHING.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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I fancy the two divers must have been in it from the very first, and indeed I've a strong notion the whole plot to steal the treasure was in the beginning theirs and theirs alone. I can't be sure, but I've an idea that Miss Bradbury came into the business soon after we sailed from Liverpool, and, if one may hazard a guess, it was because Willie Cameron, the diver with the black hair, fell in love with her and let out the secret. However, I didn't arrive at any of this till later, and, if it hadn't been lugged into the business by the veriest outside chance, it's my belief the three of them would have walked off with all the gold, and the salvage company would never have seen so much as the bare color of it.

There was a distinct understanding between me and Captain Boyd when I signed on as "third" of the Gleaner that I was only doing it as a personal obligation to himself. The berths of second and chief engineer had been filled. They wanted a man who would not mind bearing a hand if anything went wrong with the diving tackle, and they couldn't have picked a better than myself. I was thoroughly well grounded in the shops before ever I thought of the sea, and, though I say it, few better fitters and all round mechanics have ever stood on the footplates of a steamboat's engine room. If it wasn't for the board of trade and their rotten examinations, I'd have been chief long ago, and with a chief's ticket in my pocket you may be sure I'd have got the master hand over the whisky, at any rate at sea, and in sight of any one that mattered ashore.

Of course it was a condescension for a man like me to be third on a bit of a steamboat like the Gleaner, but I was drawing £8 a month, which was the same as the second engineer got, and I'll not deny I was in a manner forced into taking the first berth that offered. I'd been paid off from my last ship in Liverpool, and I'd met friends who knew Ballindrochater, where my father had been Free kirk minister, and we'd got a little noisy and found trouble. The fat English brute of a magistrate did give us the option, but it took all the money I had left to pay myself out.

I might even admit, too, that the business of the Gleaner had some attraction for me. She was off treasure fishing to the Canaries; she was chartered by a little company that called itself the S. S. Corinth Salvage association, and the work for her engineers promised to be light. We should steam down channel, through the bay and down to the spot among the islands where the Corinth had been sunk, and there we should swing anchor while the boats went off with the divers to do their work. We should keep banked fires in case an onshore breeze came and we had to steam out, but as a general thing there would be no watches for us engineers and full pay going all the time.

"It'll be the softest job you've tumbled into for many a long day, Mr. McTodd," said the old man when he offered me the berth. "We shall be quite a family ship. There's a big, large cabin, and we shall all mess together—mates, engineers, divers and passengers—with your chief at one end of the table and me at the other."

"Passengers?" said I. "I thought this was a salvage job."

"They are coming just for a cruise—a Mr. Kent and his wife and her sister, a Miss Bradbury. Of course the Gleaner hasn't got a passenger certificate, so they will have to sign articles like the rest of us to get to windward of the board of trade. The ladies will be stewardesses and Mr. Kent can take his choice between being doctor and fourth mate."

"Are they interested in this salvage business?"

"Not a bit," said Captain Boyd. "They're people of means, and Miss Bradbury writes novels. They pay for their grub and rooms like they would on a regular packet. They're just coming to see the diving and get a blow of sea air, and I shouldn't wonder but what the young lady writes a book about it when she gets home. So keep your hair combed straight, Mr. McTodd. It's a pretty big affair, anyway. The Corinth took down £270,000 worth of gold with her when she foundered. She was a Cape boat, you know, coming home."

"Her propeller shaft broke, didn't it, somewhere in the after end of the tunnel?"

"That's the idea, Mac. There was a breeze on at the time, and I suppose she was racing badly. And it ripped the stern plating to smithereens when it went. Of course, the sliding door to the shaft tunnel jammed when it was wanted, and so she just had to swamp. There was no help for it. They'd half an hour to get clear in, and the boats saved about two-thirds of her people. I guess the rest of the poor beggars are in her now, and an ugly sight they'll be for the divers when they go down to try to weigh that gold."

The captain had other business to attend to then, so I left him, but after we got fairly started and had dropped our Mersey pilot at Point Lynas there was information about the work ahead for any one who chose to listen. The talk was upon nothing else. The three passengers fairly brimmed with it. They said treasure diving was "so romantic."

For myself, when I thought of those dead bones guarding chests of gold far down in the slime and the weed and the cold wash of the sea, I thought the business was merely grisly. But then I never did understand the ways of those writing people. They would have suited my father better. He was a writer that every one who reads will have heard of. It was he who wrote "Sixty-two Years in Ballindrochater," by A Scourger of Sin.

I cannot say either that Miss Bradbury was my idea of a woman who could write a book. To begin with, she was young, and as bonny looking a lassie as you could pick during a three hours' search in Buchanan street, Glasgow. She'd a fine color to her cheeks and big brown eyes that fairly lit when she warmed up in her talk. She was not small, but her white canvas shoes would stand within the palm of my hand. I tried that one day when the steward was pipeclaying them. She'd a guitar with her on board, and when we got to south across the bay and the nights grew warm she'd sit out in the moonlight and sing. Her music was nothing in my line, though. It was all of a flighty sort. But, then, it was not made directly for my pleasure. Cameron was the man she sang for, and, though at first she disguised this, before we rose the Canary mountain above the sea line she was not shy of letting it be seen by any one who chose to look. And Willie Cameron liked her in return, and, if ever I saw it, love glowed out of the eyes of those two.

We were fellow countrymen, Cameron and I (I am Scottish myself), and at one time and another the pair of us got in a fairish deal of talk. His air pump needed a bit of an overhaul, and as I was set on to help him we had plenty of opportunity. But I'll not say we got much off general topics. He seemed a man in a desperate hurry to get rich, and most every day he'd ask me if I could point him out a plan. But my answer to him was always the same.

Cameron was the man she sang for.

"Man," I'd say, "I'd no be acting as third engineer on an old job steamboat like this if I'd a plan handy to my fingers such as you seem to want."

And then he'd shake his head and sigh and fall to talking about the methods by which he and his mate hoped to get the gold boxes out of the wreck and down into the Gleaner's hold. I suppose I ought to have seen what he was after then. But I didn't. I'd only get it in mind that he wanted to marry Miss Bradbury and didn't see his way to fingering enough money ready to set up housekeeping upon.

We'd an easy bay and a good run down, and we made Grand Canary one morning just before the dawn. We ran into Las Palmas harbor and saw Teneriffe far away across the sand neck, with its sunny head, rosy in the sunrise. We'd a day there making arrangements and getting in some stores, and then we steamed out again and made for the spot where the Corinth had gone down and brought up to an anchor and lowered fires.

Before us lay the open sea, behind were the dry cinder hills of Grand Canary, and above were blue heaven and a sun of dancing brass. The day was frizzling, the island gave us a lee out of the southeast trade, and there was no breath of wind astir. The water lay like a sheet of metal. No divers could have asked for a better prospect. We got their two boats into the water, each with air pump, rowers, cockswain, man to tend the life lines and men to pump, and off they rowed, 100 yards apart. Presently the air pumps began to turn, and the diver, like some white, uncanny sea beast, went over from each. After a pause the boats pulled slowly ahead. Cameron and his mate were walking along the sea floor, searching for the wreck.

I was off watch and stood leaning my elbows on the t'gallant rail of the lower deck and smoked and looked about me. The water was full of these little pink sailed jellyfish that we sea folk call Portuguese men-o'-war, though "nautilus" is, I believe, the fancy name. I pointed them out to Miss Bradbury, who was standing near, and asked her if she'd like one caught.

"Do you think there's much danger, Mr. McTodd?" says she.

"They've just a wee sting to them if they get upon your hands," said I. "But there's no need to touch them. You can just gratify your eyes, and then we will fling them overboard again. They're no beauties that you'd care to keep and take home with you, like a canary bird."

"What do you mean?" says she.

"I'm talking of these Portuguese men-o'-war."

She put her hand upon my arm, and I looked up into her face and saw it was as white as paper, saving for black rings under the eyes. "I beg your pardon, Mr. McTodd, for being so inattentive. I'm afraid my thoughts are under the sea instead of on top of it. Is this diving very dangerous work? Their air tubes might get entangled."

"They're too old hands to let them foul."

"Or they may get swept away by currents."

"Their life lines will keep them in tow."

"Or sharks."

"Sharks are always feared at divers, Miss Bradbury. No, miss, you may believe me, those two men are as safe down at work below as you are here, or safer, seeing that they can't get sunstroke, and you very likely will if you stay here away from the awnings with no hat on."

She shivered, and thanked me, and went away into the shade, and I turned again and watched the boats and the two moving patches of muddied water which they were following. It struck me at the moment that the Steamship Corinth Salvage association were putting a vast deal of trust in the two men whom they employed as their divers—£270,000 worth of gold is a very vast bulk of wealth for poor men to be near.

They did not find the wreck that day or the next. Indeed not till a week had passed did they come across her, and then they found that she had settled on her broadside into a little gulley on the sea floor where a current had carried silt over her till she was almost covered out of sight. They buoyed her when she was found and that day I went off in Cameron's boat and tried to see if I could make her out from above. But she lay in 16 fathoms, and the water was gray with mud from them working below. Looking down into it was like peering through a mist.

The Gleaner swung at her anchor over the western ocean swells, and the sun bleached her awnings to the whiteness of new fallen snow. For myself, but for one thing, I never had such an easy time on full pay during all my seagoing. There was no work to do. A lot of grog was served out, coast fashion, at eight bells, and the slop chest tobacco burnt slowly and cost only 2 shillings a pound. But there was one thing worried me and that was Miss Bradbury. She had joined at Liverpool as rosy a lassie as one could wish to meet, and here she was getting whiter and thinner every day. You could almost see the flesh slip away from her bones, and she'd an appearance of scare and worry about her face that made one sick to look at. All hands saw it. There was no avoiding such a thing. But they put it down to anxiety about Cameron.

The pair of them were openly engaged to marry by this time, and I must say the way that he and the other diver worked was a caution. Of course the water was warm, but it was fairish deep, and I never saw men stay down longer. They never seemed to give in while they had strength left to lift a hand, and when they came to the surface and had their gear taken off they'd be almost fainting with weariness from what they'd gone through. And it was not a one day occurrence either. They were always the same, and the weeks slipped away till they had run into a month, and still none of the gold had been brought to the Gleaner.

The silt was the trouble, it seemed. As fast as they dug it out just so fast did it slide down again into the steamer's bowels, and the strong room, which lay right down against her keel, could not be come at. Of course one understood that Cameron's reputation depended upon his bringing off this salvage job successfully, but I don't see the force of a man killing himself, and I told him so more than once. I fancied at the time that Miss Bradbury was telling him the same every day. But he didn't take any notice of either of us, nor did Storey, the other diver, and the pair of them just worked themselves to rags.

A stopper was put on their game, however, in a way they did not expect. The steward brought word one morning that the captain wanted to see me, and I turned out of my bunk and went on deck. He seemed in a bit of a worry.

"Mr. Storey's had a stroke," says he.

"I've told that man a dozen times to take drugs, sir," said I, "and he never would."

"Drugs are all very well for us, Mac," says he, "that have ordinary stomachs, but drugs wouldn't have saved Storey what he's got, and that's paralysis."

"My certie!" said I.

"It's true," said the old man. "It took him while he was in the boat. Cameron had just gone down and Storey was going to follow when he was seized. They took off his helmet and brought him back here and he's down in his room now with half of him dead and no speech left."

"It's a complaint, I've heard, that often does seize divers."

"It does if they stick to the trade too long. Well, Mac, I'm wanting some one to take his place, and I give you first offer. It'll mean £5 a week above and beyond your present pay, and there's nothing to hinder your earning it."

"Nothing that I see, sir. Storey and I are just in a build and I can wear his suit."

"Very well, then, just give me your hand for half a minute and look me in the eye."

I did that.

"Now," said he, "you're a servant of the Corinth Salvage association, and I'm another. Your father was a gentleman, wasn't he?"

"He was that, sir, and one of the most honored Free kirk ministers in Scotland."

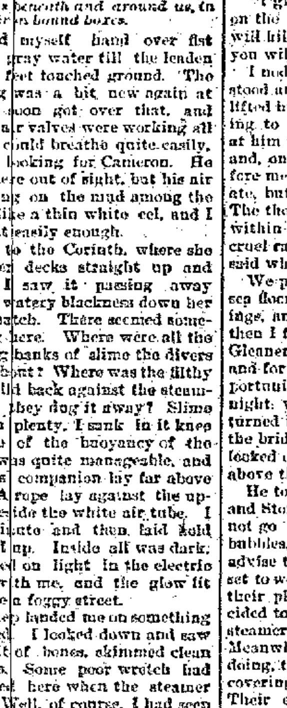
"Then you must be a gentleman, too, though I dare say you are not always treated as such. Now swear to me, Mac, on your honor, as a gentleman, that you'll be true to those that are employing you."

I looked at him in the face and did it cheerfully. When a man treats me properly (and God knows few enough of them have tried it) he's got a fellow to work for him he ought to value highly.

* * * * * * *

I got into the suit as the boat rowed me out to the buoy, and when we picked up the mooring the men screwed on the helmet for me and started the air pump. It wasn't a new experience to me; I'd been diving before in the Clyde to bore holes into a sunken pier with a ratchet drill.

I went over the side, took the rope and lowered myself hand over fist through the gray water till the leaden soles on my feet touched ground. The corky feeling was a bit new again at first, but I soon got over that, and then, as my air valves were working all right, and I could breathe quite easily, I set about looking for Cameron. He was somewhere out of sight, but his air tube was lying on the mud among the sea shrubs, like a thin white eel, and I followed that easily enough.



The gold was beneath and around us, in iron bound boxes.

It led me to the Corinth, where she lay with her decks straight up and down, and I saw it passing away through the watery blackness down her companion hatch. There seemed something wrong here. Where were all the great moving banks of slime the divers had told us about? Where was the filthy ooze which slid back against the steamer as fast as they dug it away? Slime there was in plenty. I sank in it knee deep in spite of the buoyancy of the suit, but it was quite manageable, and the Corinth's companion lay far above its mark. A rope lay against the upright deck beside the white air tube. I thought a minute and then laid hold and swarmed up. Inside all was dark; but I switched on light in the electric lamp I had with me, and the glow lit the place like a foggy street.

The first step landed me on something that crunched. I looked down and saw it was a suit of bones, skimmed clean by the fishes. Some poor wretch had been drowned here when the steamer foundered. Well, of course, I had seen a skeleton before, but somehow or other those bones didn't seem to cheer me. There was something wrong. The yarn the divers had brought up and the real thing as it lay were two entirely different matters. It occurred to me that I had stumbled (by the accident of Storey's paralysis) upon something intended to be hid, and I was quite man enough to know that trouble might very possibly follow.

I stopped where I was and thought. I'd a big mind to go back then and report what I had seen. I felt I should be earning my pay by doing that. But at the same time I liked Cameron; he was a fellow countryman and more besides, and I didn't want to report him as acting off the square, so I stoutened my heart and went on down below.

The white trail of the air tube led me down the stair to the lowest berth deck, then along the alleyway right aft, and then into the cabin, with a hatch in the floor. Sitting on the lid of the hatch was Cameron, who turned around when my light fell upon him. He beckoned me with an impatient gesture and slipped down into the blackness below. It was clear he did not recognize me. He took it for granted that I was Storey delayed by some accident. For a moment I stood outside irresolute, and a shoal of small fish, attracted by the light, brushed past my legs. I remembered that they had been browsing on corpses and were prospecting me as food, and the idea made me shudder inside my rubber clothes. Then I thought good to see exactly what was going to happen and slipped through the hatch after Cameron.

We were in Corinth's strong room. The gold was beneath and around us, in iron bound boxes, built together like the bricks of a wall. Cameron lifted an end of one of the boxes and nodded his helmeted head toward me impatiently. I took hold, and together we swung it up through the water and out through the hatches. Then he scrambled up himself, and I followed. Again we lifted the box, treading with care along the slimy alleyways so as not to foul our air pipes. I could feel the bones of the dead shift beneath my feet, and my chest was tight with labor. In spite of the buoyancy of the water, the box of gold was as much as the pair of us could struggle along with.

At last, with infinite trouble, we came out through the companion hatch and lowered the box with a rope down to the bed of slime below. We followed it, lifting it between us again and wallowed on with it through the morass of slime. The herbage of the sea brushed our shoulders as we struggled on. The *skeletons of the dead* stood sentinel along our path and the golden silence of the water crushed into my spirit. We held our way right round the steamer's bows, and there, against her keel, we came upon a pit. It had been dug through the slime with infinite labor and shored up with planking. With a rope we lowered the gold chest down into the pit and Cameron followed. I switched on my lamp and saw him heaving and thrusting it down a gallery which led far beneath the iron sheathing of the wreck. A shovel lay against a sea shrub at the lip of the pit. I took it in my hand. I was away from the world of air in this lonely world of water. Cameron and I were the only human occupants, with none to overlook us, and I felt that I ought to be on my guard against him. From his point of view it was clear I knew too much.

Presently he returned from out of the pit and was about to go back again round the bows of the steamer, but I touched him with my shovel and he turned. Then I pointed to the front glass of my helmet, and he came up close and peered at my face and as quickly recoiled. Then again he came toward me—this time with clinched fists—but I menaced him with the uplifted shovel and he kept his distance. How I longed for speech then to say to him what I wished!

For a full minute we stared at one another and then with a sudden gesture he picked a fragment of stone from the ground and wrote a message on the rusted plating of the wreck.

"Hold your tongue, Mac," I read, "and you shall share."

I wrote a laborious reply with the peak of the shovel. "Cannot deal with you. Am bound to employers."

He scribbled "£25,000" and watched my face.

I shook my head inside the helmet.

He wrote "£50,000" and looked at me again.

I wrote "Not for £270,000." I saw he was ready to spring upon me and held the shovel edge above my shoulder handy to cut him down.

He considered for a minute and then wrote: "If you blow on me you will kill her. She knows. She never liked the idea, but I persuaded her into it. We wanted to marry, we wanted to be rich. There was no other way. She is half dead with anxiety. You must have seen that."

I nodded. He wrote on:

"Then consider her, Mac, and make your own fortune at the same time."

I could not stand any more of this. I have been poor enough all my life, and, God knows, I ken the value of siller. If it had not been that Captain Boyd treated me in the way he did, and looked in my eye when he gave me the job, I'll not say what might have happened. It takes a strong man to resist the bigger kind of temptations, and—I'm no ower lusty. I beckoned to the water surface above with my shovel and took a step forward. With his arm he implored me to pause.

"Are you going to report what you have seen?" he wrote.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I give you fair warning," he wrote on the rusted iron, "that if you do I will kill you first and then myself. So you will not find it cheap to ruin me."

I nodded my head to show I understood and beckoned him to go on. He lifted his hands—I thought he was going to grapple with me, and I slashed at him with the shovel. He drew back and, once on the move, I drove him before me furiously. He might be desperate, but I was savage enough myself. The thought of all that wealth lying within touch made me grit my teeth in cruel rage. If only the skipper had not said what he did!

We plowed our way across the slimy sea floor to where the boats lay at moorings, and first Cameron went up, and then I followed. On the row back to the Gleaner we said nothing, either of us, and for long enough we did not find opportunity of being alone. But that night, when most of the hands were turned in, he and I sat out together on the bridge deck, and he talked while I looked out at the stars where they hung above the black ridges of the island.

He told me the whole tale of what he and Storey intended to do. They could not go far from the wreck, as the air bubbles, rising to the surface, would advise their movements, so they had to set to work and make a hiding place for their plunder close at hand. They decided to dig out a chamber beneath the steamer, and infinite labor it cost them. Meanwhile, to mask what they were doing, they gave out the tale of the ooze covering the treasure out of reach. Their efforts were nearly ended when Storey got his stroke. The pit was made, part of the gold was already transported, and, when the rest was hid, then they intended to cover the mouth of the pit so that it never could be found by chance explorers. Then they were going to tell Captain Boyd that the job beat them and get his permission to blow into the Corinth's strong room with dynamite from the outside. The explosion would be so contrived that the *steamer would be rived* to pieces and the ooze would cover all her fragments.

"You think that the Gleaner would return home then?" I asked.

"There would be nothing else for it."

"But the company would send out another expedition."

"Let them send out ten; they'd find nothing."

"And afterward?"

"Storey and I were going to charter a schooner, put diving tackle on board and come out here again by ourselves. We could weigh the gold in a couple of days, and I know of a market."

"Well, Storey will never use limbs or tongue again."

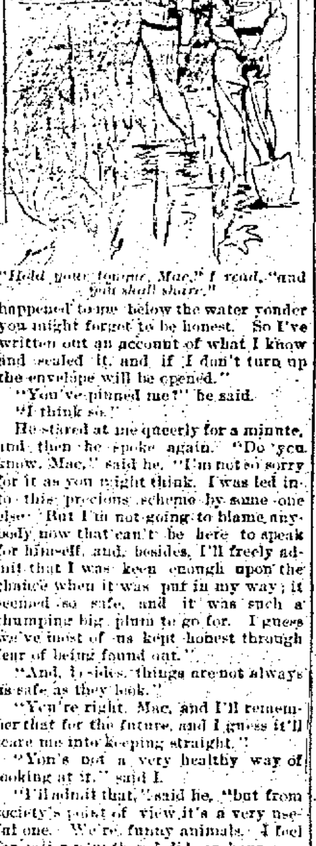
"I'm sure of it, Mac. You must take his place. We two and one other can work the schooner, and in a year from now we'll be rich men. Think of it, lad—rich beyond what you ever thought of! Think of it—no more having to stand your watch at sea, no more sea at all! You can stay in England and marry and live a decent life. Think of it, Mac!"

I was thinking of it. As I sat there watching the heat lightning wink among the black hills of the island I was remembering that it was a chance such as I had never had before in all my life, and one which would never come to me again. I'd been kicked about the world ever since I first went a wee bit wrong in Ballindrochater, and I'd sworn never to see the place more till I'd enough siller to build a house there as big as the manse itself. I hungered for the old spot again, with its gray houses and the brown moorland at the back. My mother was still there and poor. I could do a power of good in the place (the de'il told me then) if I went back rich and enlightened with all my store of foreign travel. But then what the captain had said to me came back—how he reminded me I had been born a gentleman, and how he'd treat me as my father's son and trust to my honor—and I stood to my feet and swore.

"Look here," I said to him. "I give you your choice—those boxes are to be taken back from the pit and stowed back inside the Corinth tomorrow; then we'll announce that we've dug away the sand, and can get at the strong room, and next day we'll warp the Gleaner across, rig a whip and let her hoist them on board one by one with her own winch. If you'll do this, I'll work with you so long as my arms will move; if you refuse, I'll go to the old man now and tell him what I know."

"It may be a dangerous deal for you yet," he said grimly.

"Ah, there," said I, "I've insured myself. I've thought that if an accident happened to me below the water yonder you might forget to be honest. So I've written out an account of what I know and sealed it, and if I don't turn up the envelope will be opened."



"Hold your tongue, Mac," I read, "and you shall share."

"You've pinned me!" he said.

"I think so."

He stared at me queerly for a minute, and then he spoke again. "Do you know, Mac," said he, "I'm not so sorry for it as you might think. I was led into this precious scheme by some one else. But I'm not going to blame anybody now that can't be here to speak for himself, and, besides, I'll freely admit that I was keen enough upon the chance when it was put in my way; it seemed so safe, and it was such a thumping big plum to go for. I guess we've most of us kept honest through fear of being found out."

"And, besides, things are not always as safe as they look."

"You're right, Mac, and I'll remember that for the future, and I guess it'll scare me into keeping straight."

"Yon's not a very healthy way of looking at it," said I.

"I'll admit that," said he, "but from society's point of view it's a very useful one. We're funny animals. I feel far easier now than I did an hour ago, and I know some one else who'll be easier too."

"That will be Miss Bradbury you're speaking of?"

"Maybe so, maybe no," said he. "The person I have in mind writes books and has a great liking for romance, and told me almost as soon as we met that it was a pity the old days were gone, when there were pirates and all that sort of stuff, and sea life was more exciting. We got intimate, that writer and I, Mac, and the tale of this game here with the gold boxes slipped out. I claimed there was every bit as much romance in that as there was in the old time buccaneering."

"And she agreed to let you go on with it just because she loved you," said I, "and then ate her heart out with fear lest you should get dropped upon. Man, you need not go further with the yarn. It's been plain to the eyes of every one that's watched the lassie about the decks that she was just fretting herself to a shadow about something."

"It's made me nearly cry to see her."

"Well, man," said I, "it's over now, and she can begin to put on flesh again so soon as ever you choose to tell her the new plan. If I mistake not, yon's the flutter of a dress in the companion way this minute. I'll be away forrard and turn in. Maybe you'll have business here you'd rather talk of out of my hearing."

And a minute later I heard the hum of their voices and guessed Cameron was getting rid of his new version of the tale. So that was the way the gold boxes from the Corinth found their way into the Gleaner's hold, but I fancy Captain Boyd must have thought all along that there was something going on which was not quite according to rule. Still, how he found it out I can't say. Storey couldn't have told him, since the man never found speech again; it was certain that neither Cameron nor Miss Bradbury would have let it out, and most assuredly I did not.

But after we got to Liverpool and all hands from the Gleaner turned out to see our diver married to his girl the old man pulled me aside as we left the church and crumpled a couple of £20 Bank of England notes into my hands, and, "Those," said he, "are from the salvage company. I told them I thought you deserved the—I told them I thought they were owing you a matter of £270,000, but I couldn't get more for you, Mac, my lad, and perhaps you are better without it. Companies are not addicted to giving away tips when they aren't forced, and third engineers, Mac—well, they have thirsts, haven't they, my lad?"

Well, I suppose he was right. I know I had clean pockets a week later.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE BIRD'S PETITION.

Deep in leafy woodland bowers,
Bright with [illegible] flowers,
O'er the dappled mead and reed,
And in tangled [illegible],
Pipe the [illegible], finch and lark
From the dewy dawn to dark,
And they pipe and never tire
Songs as sweet as love's desire.

Oh! to see them [illegible] to sing,
On the branch or on the wing;
Oh! if you leave us space and sky,
Room to nest and sing and fly,
We will pipe for your delight,
Pipe and make the days more bright,
But to bars or cage confined
Song is slain by [illegible].

"Honor, then, our wild domain,
Break not little hearts with pain;
God who made the merry day
Gave to every one his lay,
And like honey laden bee,
Or like wild winds made us free,
Leave to us, leave us to our song,
Woods and meads and flowers among."
—Charles [illegible] in Gentleman's Magazine.

HENRY RANG OFF.

But When He Got Home That Night There Was Trouble.

Apropos of nothing in particular—unless it be electricity—I heard a druggist tell of a little occurrence in his shop the other day.

He was alone and putting up a prescription behind his large partition screen when a stylishly dressed woman entered and asked with some excitement for the telephone.

He ensconced her in front of it and returned to his work.

She took off her gloves, rang up "central" and began:

"2170 — street. Yes, yes. Mr. Henry Wecker. Yes, yes. He's at No. — Beekman street. Yes. Oh, is that Mr. Wecker?"

Then her voice hardened.

"Henry, why did you tell me you went to Philadelphia Thursday? What? No, you did not. I know better. Don't you stand there and lie to me like that! No, I won't! What do I care for the girl in the telephone office! You just attend to me and let her alone! I'm in a drug store. They're not listening at all. I want an explanation. No, indeed, I will not wait till you come home tonight! By that time you'll have hatched up a fine story and brought up a couple of brutes to swear to it. Mrs. Wallace says her husband saw you at the club Thursday night and that you were going out to play poker all night. Oh, no, he isn't! He's a very nice man, and I am much obliged to him. You wouldn't dare do anything of the kind! What? You won't, eh? Well, you'll talk when you get home! Here, wait a moment. Don't shut off!"

But the seance was over, and she paid her 15 cents and stalked out with flashing eyes that boded ill for the lively Henry.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Solomon's Temple Cost.

"A Biblical student in this city," says our Washington correspondent, "declares that if the descriptions of Solomon's Temple are accurately given in the Bible and by secular authorities, the total value of that edifice and its contents must have exceeded $50,000,000,000. In the first place, the value of the materials in the rough is estimated at $12,500,000,000, and the labor at $2,000,000,000. According to Villalpandis 10,000 men were engaged in dressing cedar lumber, 80,000 were engaged in cutting stone and 60,000 in bearing burdens for a period of seven years, who, in addition to their wages, received 50 cents a day for food. According to the same authority, which is corroborated by Josephus, the vessels of gold were valued at 140,000 talents, which, reduced to American money, is equal to $2,326,481,015. The vessels of silver are calculated at $3,231,735,000, the vestments of the priests and the robes of the singers at $10,050,000, and the value of the trumpets of gold was $1,000,000."—Chicago Record.

Outspeeded the Swallow.

A swallow is considered one of the swiftest of flying birds, and it was thought until a short time ago that no insect could escape it.

A naturalist tells of an exciting chase he saw between a swallow and a dragon fly, which is among the swiftest of insects.

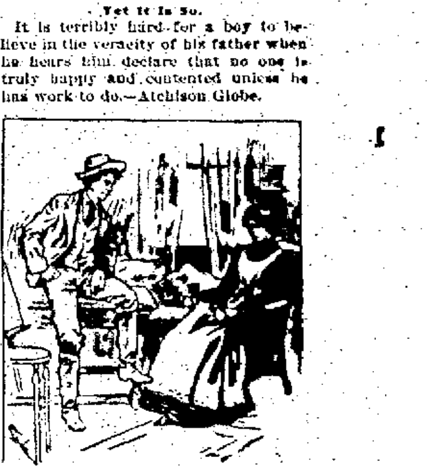
The insect flew with incredible speed and wheeled and dodged with such ease that the swallow, despite its utmost efforts, completely failed to overtake and capture it.

Glove Cutting.

The cutters of the great glove houses at Brussels and in France earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors in London and New York. So difficult is this art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in the business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.

Yet It Is So.

It is terribly hard for a boy to believe in the veracity of his father when he hears him declare that no one is truly happy and contented unless he has work to do.—Atchison Globe.



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Bentley's System By Viola Roseboro'
An Afternoon at Mr. Peale's By Clinton Ross
The History of the Watch By Opie Read
Beyond the Pale By Rudyard Kipling
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SMETHPORT, TH[illegible] 1899

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HON. THOMAS A MORRISON
(Subject to decision of [illegible])

FOR PROTHONOTARY, ETC.
GEORGE W MITCHELL.

FOR SHERIFF,
WILLIAM B CLARKE

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
JOHN P MELVIN

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
ALBERT PETERSON,
A. M. BOARDMAN

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
A. LINCOLN GALLUP,
J. LESTER WARD

AN increase of 15 per cent. to 30,000 tin plate workers will help the dinner pail brigade to "keep the wolf from the door."

IT is rumored that ex Senator Ingalls of Kansas will again enter politics. Exit "Sockless" Simpson—enter "Sonaway" Ingalls.

THERE are 1,000,000,000 one cent pieces in the land and the mint at Philadelphia is turning out 1,000,000 a month to supply the demand

THERE are $246,000,000 in gold in Uncle Sam's treasure box and the United States possesses more gold than any other nation—$975,000,000

THE extra session of the Legislature does not seem to materialize. Governor Stone and ex Senator Quay are both a little shy on that question

ORDINARILY it is much easier to send men out of the Democratic party than it is to find men who can read in the Democratic party.—Globe Democrat.

IF there was such a strict censorship exercised by General Otis at Manila how in the world did that "round robin" escape the argus eyes of the censor?

EVEN India has gone back on Bryan and adopted the gold standard. Like Cain he will find it necessary to visit "the land of Nod" in order to secure any following

THE United States ships more than 1,000,000,000 cigarettes to the Oriental countries annually. It would be a God's blessing if all that are manufactured were shipped there

AN increase in wages of $2,000,000,000 and a trade balance of $616,000,000 in Uncle Sam's favor during the last fiscal year does not speak so badly in favor of our present system of protection.

THE Democrats are not making as much fun of McKinley being the advance agent of prosperity as they did three years ago. McKinley and the Dingley bill are hard nuts for the Democrats to crack

THE Chattanooga Times advises Mr. Bryan to either speak less or else get him a new speech. Mr Bryan hasn't made that speech yet "explaining" about all those Nebraska mortgages being cancelled regardless of the rejection of free silver

THE street car strike at Cleveland continues with increased zeal. The State militia has been called out and is taking a hand in keeping order. One man has been killed and considerable property destroyed. May the trouble soon be adjusted and peace once more reign.

IF the people of the United States continue to devise different modes of entertainments for Admiral Dewey they will scare the old sea dog out and he will sail away to hunt up some more islands to conquer. He will never dare to come home and run the risk of dying of dyspepsia.

PERRY BELMONT of New York city desires to make the tariff an issue in 1900. Good. Let the repeal of the Dingley bill be the Democratic slogan in 1900 and after the November election there would not be enough of them left to launch their old Salt river scow, let alone rowing it up the stream.

MISS HELEN GOULD's many acts of kindness to our brave soldiers in Cuba and Porto Rico are heartily remembered by the recipients. Members of the 6th Ohio will present a magnificent miniature canteen which will be presented to her for furnishing the soldiers cots to sleep on while in the islands.

T. F. HUNGIVILLE has announced himself as a candidate for county commissioner for the third time in spite of the fact that Mr. Hilbridge of Port Allegany has presented his name for prothonotary. There is an unwritten law in all political parties, especially in county affairs, against a third term and Mr Hungiville is apt to discover that law to be in full force. That Mr Hungiville has made a good commissioner very few will question but there are others who are equally as well qualified to discharge the duties of a commissioner as Mr Hungiville. Mr Dwyer of Port Allegany was shelved three years ago to make room for the doughty Democratic boss of McKean county. But Mr Dwyer of three years ago will prove a different opponent now, as he has had experience and third termism does not go down with the ordinary voter. Of course there will be no question as to Mr Hungiville's nomination but his election is another matter. There are plenty of men in the Democratic party fully as competent as Mr Hungiville, and many of the Democratic voters of McKean county are cognizant of that fact. Pass the offices around give others a chance.

THE efforts of a certain Centre county judge, who is a dyed-in-the-wool Quayite, reminds the MINER of one of Shakespeare's plays, "Love's Labor Lost." Ex-Gov. Hastings knocked Judge Love into a cocked hat at last Saturday's primaries

IN 1891 the entire production of pig-iron was 6,657,388 tons. During the first six months of 1899 the production of pig iron was 6,289,167 tons, almost as much as the entire year of 1894. As the old German said a few years ago, "If they owe dot McKinley a bill why don't they pay it?" The advance agent of prosperity is here

WE do not think that the Republican independents are doing ill. Horace Porter is Ambassador to France. Seth Low refused the Spanish mission and is commissioner to the conference at The Hague. Joseph H. Choate is Ambassador to Great Britain and Elihu Root is to be Secretary of War.—Brooklyn Eagle

And Hon Charles Emory Smith of Philadelphia is Postmaster General

THE wicked Dingley tariff is working havoc. In the fiscal year just closed all the countries of the world with the exception of four which reduced their imports of breadstuffs largely increased their purchases in the United States. The sales of manufactured articles to all parts of the world has been beyond all precedent. Democratic leaders have gotten beyond trying to "explain"

THE Pottsville Republican states that ex Senator Coyle is on the rolls of the Banking Department at $10 a day as bank examiner, without being required to do any work. The fact that there are employes on the rolls who are not required to work is not surprising but it hardly seems possible that a man under indictment for bribery occupies any position of honor or trust in the gift of the State.—Wellsboro Republican Advocate

MANY of the newspapers of the country are kicking because President McKinley has appointed Hon Elihu Root as Secretary of War. The martyred Lincoln was likewise criticised when he appointed Hon Edwin M Stanton, a Democrat, to the same position. Ere the war of the rebellion ended these same croakers lived to see the wisdom of President Lincoln and history is very apt to repeat itself in this case. Lincoln tried Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania who proved a total failure. McKinley tried Alger who while not a total failure, has come far short of giving satisfaction to the country

COL ROBERT G INGERSOLL died very suddenly at his home near Dobbs Ferry, N Y, last Friday July 21st, aged 66 years. The world renowned agnostic, or his spirit rather, undoubtedly has a much better knowledge of the hereafter than he in the flesh professed to know. Mr Ingersoll was one of the most gifted men in the nation. His eloquence was unequaled by any of the prominent speakers. While he was a thorough agnostic his family relations were said to be of such a lovely character as to be the marvel of all their neighbors. If this wonderful man's effort had been turned to the upbuilding of God's kingdom instead of opposing the teachings of holy writ what a power for good he might have been. He has gone to his reward. What that will be no man can say

THAT Col Ingersoll never lacked for an answer is clearly demonstrated in the following. Some years ago he was the guest of the Clover Club and when he entered the room some time after the diners had been seated, and being told that his chair was near the head of the table he walked to the designated spot and found it temporarily occupied and stood there in momentary embarrassment amid a scene of beauty whose charms were contributed to by masses of flowers and lights of many colors. Ex Governor Bunn who sat at the far end of the table noticing that Ingersoll had no place at the mahogany greeted him aloud with "Colonel this is heaven, there is no seat reserved for you here." To which came the quick reply as the tardy guest looked about him "Judging from the company I find myself in I thought it was the other place."

ON July 20 the North American said editorially: "Every corporation whatever the industry it controls—whether public like a railroad or private like manufacturing—is a creation of the State. Therefore the State may before granting existence to a corporation, impose such conditions as it pleases. It is within the State's right to require citizens forming themselves into corporations to agree that in the event of differences with their employes those differences shall not be settled by the rough trial of strength called a strike or lockout but be taken before an impartial tribunal for adjudication. Here is the plain road to that compulsory arbitration about which there has been so much writing and talking that have led to nothing practical."

No better way could be devised than the above and it meets the hearty approval of the MINER. The MINER has always (while under the present management) opposed strikes as they have never been able to settle labor troubles in that way that ever gave satisfaction afterwards. If the employes would first consult their employers for a satisfactory adjustment of their difficulties and then if that failed call for an adjustment by arbitration life and valuable property would not be endangered. May the North American succeed in its efforts

AT a recent meeting of the Republican Editorial Association of the State of Indiana held at Lake Winona the following telegram was sent to President McKinley:

"The Indiana Republican Editorial Association in annual summer meeting at Winona Lake, Ind., extends to you its unqualified endorsement of your wise, patriotic and thoroughly American administration and looks forward with pleasure and assurance to your renomination at the polls by the people in 1900. Your administration has been wise, fearless and humane in its conduct of foreign and domestic war and will extend the benefit and influence of Republican government and has established a glory on our arms and institutions which firmly fix as the place of the United States among the great world Powers."

A set of resolutions was passed fully endorsing the administration of President McKinley and the policy of the administration in dealing with the rebellion against American sovereignty in the Philippines, declaring against trusts as an American and a menace to the general welfare and good of the people, endorsing the action of the Republican Congress in passing the Dingley law and the efforts of the administration to carry out the financial policy of the St. Louis platform

Paints, Oils, Varnish, Nails, Builders Hardware at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 24, 1899

In selecting Hon Elihu Root of New York to succeed Gen Alger as Secretary of War, President McKinley has added another to the long list of appointments he has made that even his opponents cannot criticise. Mr Root's reputation as a lawyer stands second to that of no man in the country. And it was for that reason he was chosen. President McKinley wanted the best lawyer he could find at the head of the War Department, to handle the legal questions that are constantly arising in connection with the military government of our new possessions, and which are likely to be still more numerous and more complicated in the near future. He will get him in Mr Root. No change in the Philippine policy is foreshadowed by the change in the head of the War Department. The organization of the volunteer regiments is being pushed with great rapidity. Already more than four thousand men have enlisted and the ten regiments are expected to be completed by the middle of August and on their way to Manila very soon after that date, as present plans are to have them all over there by the close of the rainy season, so that a campaign aggressive enough to crush out the revolt before the next rainy season rolls around can be waged

For the benefit of Mrs McKinley's health which continues to be poor, the President will this week take her to Lake Champlain near Plattsburg, N Y. How long they will remain there will depend upon the amount of benefit Mrs McKinley may derive. There will be no delay to any public business of importance, by this vacation as the President will be connected with the White House by long distance telephone and will be able to give the same attention to important business that he does while in Washington, and all matters requiring immediate attention will be disposed of before his departure

The war with Spain abrogated all treaties with the United States and the treaty of peace, which ended the war, does not deal with commercial matters. Consequently, United States trade with Spain is now more or less handicapped. For instance, Consul Sprague, at Gibraltar, has just called the attention of the Department of State to the existence of a differential duty of two pesetas—a fraction more than thirty eight cents—between United States and British flour entering Spain in favor of the British flour. The Consul added: "The matter is of some importance as at present American flour can undersell other foreign importations in this line." When a new commercial treaty is negotiated with Spain, as one doubtless will be in the near future such drawbacks to trade will be done away with, as President McKinley will insist that the United States be given every commercial advantage possessed by the "most favored nation."

"Corporal" Tanner, who has been personally intimate with Secretary Alger for twenty years, said, while discussing Gen Alger's record and his resignation which takes effect next week: "Whatever measure of failure could be charged to him as Secretary of War—and in my opinion it is not by one thousand degrees as great as many seem to think—is justly more chargeable to the system in vogue at the War Department, that of bureaucracy and divided responsibility than to Alger. The historian who sums up Alger's career dispassionately with full knowledge of events must put him down as a really great man. He will be known as a man who fell a victim to the infamous assaults of sensationalism. In all the great crises in the history of this government, there has been developed a wolfish side in the nature of the American people. This quality, when things do not go to suit the crowd makes them demand a human sacrifice. They want to rend and tear. I speak with full knowledge and memory of the days when a portion of the press lampooned Abraham Lincoln as a baboon and clown, and derided Gen Grant as a drunkard and butcher."

Mr E. N. Huggins of Columbus, Ohio, who is always posted on the politics of his State, said: "This will be a Republican year in Ohio. We will elect our State ticket by at least fifty thousand plurality. The Democrats haven't a ghost of a chance and wouldn't have even if they were not split into factions. No man the Democrats can put up will be able to [illegible] Judge Nash. He is not only strong in his own right, but the popularity of President McKinley will bring out a very full vote in the coming election. Our people are enjoying a satisfactory measure of prosperity and that makes the average Republican very well pleased to continue to cast his ballot for the party of his hope."

Assistant Secretary Vanderlipp of the Treasury thinks that the Dewey Home Fund which now amounts to about $15,000, contributed by more than 25,000 persons will be swelled to at least $100,000 by the time the Admiral reaches the United States. He thinks there are quite a number of persons who will soon make large contributions. Treasurer Roberts and other members of the committee are equally confident

THIS LARGE COUNTRY

When I was in Chicago in 1877 it was the metropolis of the West without qualification says William Archer in the Pall Mall Gazette. Now it is merely the frontier city of the Middle West. From the point of view of Omaha and Denver it seems to fill the eastern horizon and shut out the further view. Many stories are told to show how absolutely and instinctively your true Westerner ignores the Eastern States and cities. Here is one of the most characteristic. A little girl came into the smoking car of a train somewhere in Kansas or Nebraska and stood beside her father, who was in conversation with another man. The father put his arm around her and said to his companion: "She's been a great traveler this little girl of mine. She's only 10 years old and she's been all over the United States."

"You don't say!" replied the other. "All over the United States?"

"Yes sir all over the United States," said the proud father and then added, as though the detail were scarcely worth mentioning, "except east of Chicago."

Chicago unfortunately marks the limit of my wanderings so I shall return to England without having seen anything of the United States, except for a sort of Pisgah glimpse from the tower of the Auditorium.—Philadelphia Times

Our baby has been continually troubled with colic and cholera infantum since his birth and all that we could do for him did not seem to give him more than temporary relief, until we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Since giving that remedy he has not been troubled. We want to give you this testimonial as an evidence of our gratitude, not that you need it to advertise your meritorious remedy.—G. M. Law, Keokuk, Iowa. For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co

DeWitt's Little Early Risers expel from the system all poisonous accumulations, regulate the stomach, bowels and liver, and purify the blood. They drive away disease, dissipate melancholy and give health and vigor for the daily routine. Do not gripe or sicken. L. K. Hogarth & Co

You can't cure dyspepsia by dieting. Eat good wholesome food and plenty of it. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests food without aid from the stomach and is made to cure. L. K. Hogarth & Co

THE RESULT IN CENTRE COUNTY

General Hastings has won the contest in Centre county by a vote so overwhelmingly in his favor that it [illegible] his opponents no ground to stand upon. It is a splendid and deserved vindication of the ex-Governor in his home county at the hands of his neighbors who best know him.

The contest was not sought by General Hastings. It was forced upon him by those who thought there was an opportunity to humiliate him at home and at the same time gratify the machine bosses, who will never forgive Hastings for refusing to be owned by them. Ready instruments for this purpose were found in Judge Love of the Common Pleas Court, and a number of others, both of higher and lower degree, who are indebted to the ex Governor for many benefits both official and personal. Every sense of gratitude, manliness and common decency was thrown to the winds by the subservient agents of the bosses. In all the record of politics a more disreputable and indecent campaign than that conducted against General Hastings cannot be recalled

It began by the issue of abusive and scurrilous circulars signed by the President Judge of the district John G Love, whose further usefulness on the bench has been destroyed by his own acts. It was continued in corruption, by the employment of every device known to the lowest methods of machine politics by attempted bribery, by the multiplied promise of offices, by the offer of places as census enumerators without the least regard to fitness or any probability that the offer would be made good, by the lavish and corrupt use of money, and by falsehood and inconceivably foul devices. All this has been justly rebuked with paralyzing emphasis in the magnificent victory won by General Hastings and the self respecting and earnest Republicans of the county in which he has lived from boyhood

The sweeping character of the result should summon the machine bosses to an interval of reflection, from which they may get some profit. It should admonish them that the Republican people do not sympathize with the rancorous pursuit of a distinguished and faithful Republican whose only crime is his refusal to wear the yoke of the bosses and do their bidding. It should admonish them that a Governor who served the people and protected them against the rapacity of machine favorites, who had the courage to expose and defeat various corrupt schemes to deplete the public treasury for personal benefit, who could wipe out the padded pay rolls and put the seal of his condemnation upon the scandalous indemnity bond—that, in short, a Governor who made the public interests his consideration and repudiated the demands of the machine is sustained by the sincere Republicans who seek only the good of the party

The Republicans of Centre county to whom this triumph is due have honored themselves no less than they have shown their high regard for and confidence in General Hastings and nothing in his whole career could have come to him as a higher honor than this tribute of his neighbors. It was an important battle won for good government and decent politics.—Philadelphia Press

NEW SECRETARY OF WAR

NEW YORK, July 22.—Elihu Root is one of the most successful corporation lawyers in this city. Born in Clinton, a small town in Oneida county, N. Y., fifty six years ago, the son of Professor Oren Root of Hamilton county, he supported himself by tutoring while he studied law in the New York University law school. He was admitted to the bar in 1867, and has won for himself a practice that is said to bring him an income of $50,000 a year

He first came into prominence as one of the counsel for William Tweed in 1873. In 1886 when the Senate was investigating the Broadway franchise steal, he was counsel for C. S. Trothingham and others who had invested in the securities of the Broadway road. Among the noteworthy cases in which Mr Root has appeared was that against the whisky trust in 1892, when an attempt was made in Massachusetts to have it declared illegal. Mr Root appeared in the defense. He was attorney for Judge Hilton in the contest for the Stewart millions, and for the Hamilton family in the suit of Eva Mann to establish her claim to be the widow of Robert Ray Hamilton. He also appeared for O'Brien & Clark in their suit against the city for $6,000,000 in the Croton aqueduct contract

Mr Root has been an independent Republican in local politics, and for many years was one of the leaders against the Platt machine. He was brought into line by the Roosevelt campaign, when he became Colonel Roosevelt's counsel and one of his advisers.

Mr Root was elected president of the Union League Club in 1898. He was mentioned prominently for Ambassador to Great Britain when Joseph H Choate was chosen. He has never had anything to do with military affairs. From March, 1883 to July 1885, he was United States Attorney for the Southern district of New York. He was vice president of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York for several years, vice president of the New York Grant Monument Association, at one time president of the Republican Club, and is now president of the Union League Club. He has been a trustee of Hamilton College since 1883 and has served as president of the New England Society in the city of New York. He received the degree LL. D. from Hamilton College in 1894

THE CANTEEN QUESTION.

It is learned that out of six hundred replies received from officers of the army, in answer to the inquiries of the War Department as to the expediency of retaining the canteens in post exchanges, only six are adverse to the present system. No doubt this practical unanimity of opinion of the men best qualified to judge what is best for the soldier, in favor of the canteen, will only excite our ultra temperance brethren to greater efforts to suppress it. We may hope, though, that the testimony of the army may have weight with Congress. The soldiers vote does not count for much, but there is an increasing number of voters whose votes do count, who think and care about the soldier, and would resent the needless sacrifice of his interests to the prejudices of the inconsiderate.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.

An Enterprising Druggist.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than L. K. Hogarth & Co who spare no pains to secure the best of everything in their line for their many customers. They now have the valuable agency for Dr King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50 cents and $1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded. L. K. Hogarth & Co

Of Interest to Inventors.

C. A. Snow & Co., one of the oldest and most successful firms of patent lawyers, whose offices are opposite the United States Patent Office in Washington, D. C., and who have procured patents for more than 17,000 inventors, say that, owing to the improved conditions in the United States Patent Office, patents may now be more promptly procured than at any previous time in their experience of twenty-five years

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for years and always with good results," says Mr W. B. Cooper of El Rio, Cal. "For small children it is especially effective." For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

L. K. Hogarth & Co. have their ice cream parlor separate from store, with side entrance.

THE COUNTY COURT

Judge M[illegible] [illegible] week [illegible] [illegible] repairing the county jail

Whereas, several successive grand juries have condemned the McKean county jail and recommended that it be reconstructed and put in a safe and sanitary condition. The last grand jury which considered this subject made and filed its report on June 7th, 1899.

And now, July 21st, 1899 upon due consideration we concur in the report of the grand jury, believing that it is necessary that the said jail be thoroughly overhauled and provided with modern steel cages with sanitary plumbing, and ventilation, shower baths and such other improvements as will make a secure and wholesome jail

We, therefore recommend that the county commissioners take such action without delay as will accomplish this and provided the expense shall not exceed the sum of ten thousand dollars the county commissioners to adopt all proper and reasonable means to secure a good job at the lowest expenditure that will accomplish the desired result.

Per Curiam
T A M, J

July 21 1899

DUN'S REPORT

Optimism is always popular but more than half the time dangerous. Seven years of halting and reaction historically follow three of rapid progress. But the three of progress have not yet passed, and the most cautious search discloses no sign of halting. Foreign anxieties have been real but seem to be passing, and Europe has begun paying liberally for more food without expectation that securities can be sent in settlement. The extensive labor strikes have vanished and the local do not affect national business. Fears of new and powerful corporations lessen as it is found that they are controlled by the same laws which govern the small companies. A rise in prices which seemed ominous proves less than the rise in British prices during the first half of the year. Apprehensions of short crops fade away when farmers surpass all records in magnitude of shipments. Above all, the general evidences of prosperity continue convincing, failures are the smallest ever known for the season, railroad earnings the largest, and solvent payments through clearing houses in July have been 18.6 per cent larger than last year and 62.3 per cent larger than in 1892, the best of previous years.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE SOUL.

Dr Baraduc of Paris is an enthusiastic French scientist, who claims that he is able to demonstrate the existence of the soul by taking an actual photograph of it. According to his theory every person is surrounded by an iridescent atmosphere known as the photosphere. This photosphere is the seat of perturbations and of gigantic cyclones, and it vibrates not only in correspondence with our moral impressions but also according to the influence exerted upon it by the tempests on the sun and earth. To prove these claims Dr Baraduc has taken several photographs of vibrations which emanated from human bodies when those bodies were in varying conditions. Those from the placid body were tranquil while an angry body shows a state resembling the solar tempests as they have been photographed by astronomers. Dr Baraduc might get an interesting series of snap shots by photographing the soul of a man engaged in the mellifluous occupation of acquiring a jag.—Oil City Derrick

Grip Treatment.

Grip can be taken up in from one to three days by the prompt use of Dixon's Elixir. It has done it. It will do it. Try it before pneumonia or consumption sets in. After grip Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are nature's remedy for expelling all grip poisons from the blood, regulating the bowels strengthening the nerves and imparting vigor to the system

With these long tried remedies at hand the worst case of grip can be conquered. We sell them and guarantee them to do as recommended or money refunded. L. K. Hogarth & Co. H. C. Wells.

Thomas B. Rhodes, Centerfield, O., writes: "I suffered with piles seventeen or eighteen years. Nothing gave me relief until DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, less than a box of which permanently cured me." Soothing, healing, perfectly harmless. Beware of counterfeits. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

For Sale.

A fine residence in Smethport, within 3 minutes walk of the court house, gas water and closets. The house is a two-story structure, large and commodious. Will be sold cheap and on reasonable terms. Inquire at this office

"What might have been"—if that little cough hadn't been neglected—is the [illegible] of [illegible] consumptives. One Minute Cough Cure [illegible] coughs [illegible]. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Cash Bargain Day,

Saturday, July 29,

At J. COLEGROVE'S

F. S. FLOUR

Another shipment of F. S. flour arrived this week, will sell to-day at $4.20 a sack

Grape Nuts at 11c pkg

Minute tapioca is a good seller and everyone likes it, will repeat sale again to day at 8c pkg

Eagle tomatoes still have first place, they're winners at 10c can.

Baker's cocoa, ½ pound cans today 10c.

Also Baker's chocolate, 1 pound for 40c

9 lbs Oat Flake for 25c.

Bicycle oil large size bottle, Electric brand. Buy your season's supply now, no more when this is gone 2 bottles for 15c

4 boxes axle grease for 25c

A nice bleached muslin for 4½c a yard

A few shirt waists, in sizes 38 only, at a large reduction to close out

7 cans American sardines in oil for 25c

Any straw hat in the store at just half its original price

J. COLEGROVE.

JONES & CHURCH

dealers in

Fresh and
Salt Meats,
Poultry, Fish
and Vegetables

We pay the highest cash price for fat stock, poultry, hides and pelts. Give us a call.

Main St, Smethport, Pa.

Bentley's System

By Viola Roseboro'

Bentley was a star reporter on a big metropolitan daily. His fertile brain evolved a system for winning a young girl's love. He married the girl.

This is one of ten original short stories which we have purchased and which will appear in this paper. The others are by

Anthony Hope
Cutcliffe Hyne
John Bloundelle-Burton
Morgan Robertson
Clinton Ross
Robert Barr
Opie Read
Rudyard Kipling

Auditors' Report

Of Smethport Boro School District for the Year Ending June, 1899

[illegible]

Auditors

Something New In Watches.

The New Four Hundred, the smallest American watch made, and will keep good time. We put these movements in a fine 14 k filled case, guaranteed for 20 years, and are selling them for a short time only for $15.00. We have a fine line of watches, diamonds, clocks, silverware, cut glass and a general line of fine jewelry. Scientific examination of the eyes free

Give us a call

C. H. ROBIE,

The Leading Jeweler.

143 Union St., - Olean.

Mansfield State Normal School.

[illegible]

A T SMITH, Ph D, Principal,
Mansfield, Pa.

[illegible]

FOR 1899

I have received a large invoice of

Wall Paper,

all of the latest designs. Call at the

Furniture Store of Specht & Sasse

and examine my stock.

Experienced paper hangers furnished when desired, and all work guaranteed.

C. SASSE,
Smethport, Pa.

The MINER and Tribune $1.25.

Lilgendahl's Shop

Is a model of neatness and the means to be found here for getting out good work were never before known in Smethport.

The Blacksmithing Department

Is presided over by men of ability and experience. Bring your horse here. A thorough knowledge of horses feet enables us to do horseshoeing in a scientific manner.

The Wagon and Paint Shops

Are attracting a great deal of attention. The excellent work done in these departments is drawing trade. Send in your order.

C. W. Lilgendahl,

Mechanic Street.

John Vanblad,

Practical Horseshoer.

I have rented the blacksmith shop of T. H. Purtle and am now well prepared to do

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

of all kinds in a prompt and satisfactory manner

Special attention to shoeing interfering and sore horses.

A share of your patronage solicited.

John Vanblad,
WATER ST SMETHPORT, PA.

New Stock of Shoes. . .

A fine collection of New Shoes of the latest styles and finest workmanship can now be seen at this store. A shoe that fits your foot at every point is the shoe you want. At this store the object is to combine comfort, beauty and neatness

The Low Prices

which rule at this store are attracting trade. It is the talk of Smethport. I invite inspection, knowing that after you see you will buy. If you want rubber boots, overshoes, etc., I can supply you. A specialty of all kinds of repairing

Albert Anderson,

Callar Block, Smethport.

L. A. W. Repair Shop.

THIS Shop is new—everything in it is new. No old parts put on your wheel. When you bring a wheel here to have it repaired it will be done in FIRST CLASS SHAPE with the best materials. New tires and everything that belongs to a bicycle. A fine Columbia Vulcanizer enables me to repair tires as it should be done. New tires at prices that are a revelation. I have a good lathe and can make new parts.

In addition to Bicycle repairing I am prepared to do all kinds of Electrical Work, Gun repairing, winding fishing rods, etc. All work done promptly

Alex Clarke,

Opposite Court House,

Smethport, - Pa.

SAVING and SATISFACTION

These are the chief features which we offer you.

SAVING—Because no store around here buys in such quantities nor buys and sells so low.

SATISFACTION—Because we have the variety, the newness, the style; and above all the qualities that our knowledge and experience have proved to be right. Those who come here once come often. We are anxious to get you started.

FILTERS.

Faucet filters 25cts. Crystal filters in several sizes—the very best we know of.

FREEZERS.

2 qt Peerless Freezer [illegible]. Most convenient [illegible]. All sizes up to 10 gallons

REFRIGERATORS.

Vogt's refrigerators have proved their value in Bradford during sixteen years. Their best quality is honesty. The expense of making goes into the filling. The next quality is cheapness from $8.00 up. Ice chests $5.50 up.

HAMMOCKS.

We show 50 styles of hammocks—prices beginning at 50c. [illegible] the features that modern hammocks have are shown here. [illegible] can find some of our styles elsewhere, but not all. A[illegible] cannot duplicate our prices.

LAWN MOWERS.

The Pennsylvania for best. But we have mowers from the lowest price up

HARNESS.

Most kinds of harness [illegible] horse goods—and lower [illegible] than any other store ar[illegible]

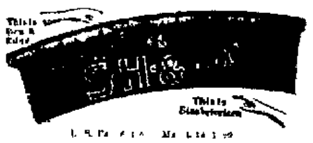
RUBBER PAINT.

We carry common paint, but recommend Rubber Paint, as we have for 17 years. It outlasts common paint two and three times over. Its brilliancy does not fade. Sold ready mixed in 20 colors and white at $1.50 per gallon

DINNER SETS BY THE PIECE.

All our best dinner sets are now sold by the piece. [illegible] can complete a set little by little and always match what you [illegible]. Haviland sets—imported [illegible] direct—are sold in this way.

L. Emery, Jr., & Co., Bradford.



S· H· & M·
Bias Brush Edge
Skirt Binding

Richness where wanted
Strength where needed

[illegible]

New Stock Spring Goods

—at store of—

D C. YOUNG.

All the Novelties of the Season in Wool Dress Goods, Wash Goods, Linings, Trimmings, &c. New stock Shoes, Groceries, &c. Call and look through the store. Articles too numerous to mention. Prices as low as the lowest in town

D. C. YOUNG,
Smethport, Pa.

Apr 11, 1899

Do You Need Lumber of Any Kind?

Shingles,	Nails,
Lath,	Builders Hardware
Flooring,	Mixed Paints,
Ceiling,	White Lead
Molding,	Oils,
Wagon Stock,	Varnishes
Doors,	Paint Brushes,
Windows,	Wall Plaster,
Screens,	Lime,
Glass,	Plaster Paris

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
HOO HOO

These are only a few of the things you will find in our yard. Prices the lowest

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.
Smethport, Pa.

GREAT CLEARING SALE!

This month is supposed to be the dullest month in the year. We propose to change the usual program and make it one of the liveliest of the months. Commencing July 25 and lasting until Aug 26 we will inaugurate a grand and stupendous Clearing Sale. Prices will be at rock bottom. Never again do we expect to be able to sell so fine a class of merchandise at such ridiculously low prices

Respectfully Yours,

H. W. Rubin & Co.

Smethport, Penna.

NEW GOODS

Our Spring trade has been much in excess of previous years.

Liberal stocks have vanished with a rapidity far beyond our brightest expectations.

June 1st finds us ready with the pink of perfection in

Shirtwaists
Skirts in Crashes and Ducks
Summer Shoes
Wash Goods
Gloves
Straw Hats
Golf Shirts
Linen Crash Trousers
Hosiery.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes,
Smethport, Pa.

Photographs

This has been a busy season and attests the fact that the pictures I make give perfect satisfaction. When you want a good article go to the place where the most business is done.

Graphophones

The acme of perfection it seems has been reached in the manufacture of these machines. Come and listen free of charge. No trouble.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1899.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read Colegrove's ad.

—See notice of gold fish for sale.

—[illegible] are full star boarders in Castle [illegible]

—Mt. Jewett borough has cages in its [illegible]

—Odd Fellows picnic at Port Allegany, August 24.

—Pawnee Bill's wild west show will be [illegible] 29th.

—The new yacht Columbia is certainly [illegible] of the ocean.

—C. W. Ramsey, who has been very [illegible] slowly improving.

—Williamsport seems destined to secure a new paper mill.

—[illegible] is erecting a building at [illegible] Water and Nelson streets.

—[illegible] and family have moved [illegible] residence on Water street.

—A cold wave is reported coming eastward. Keep it busy, it's hot enough now.

—The last Legislature of Connecticut passed a law for the protection of trailing arbutus.

—When editors engage in throwing [illegible] reading matter is as dry as [illegible]

—Leonard Koenig has been doing some paper-hanging in the rooms of the [illegible] House.

—There are [illegible] Christian Endeavor societies in the United States with a membership of [illegible]

—[illegible] King, who was ill for several days last week, is again at his post in [illegible] drug store.

—Dr. [illegible] Clark has commenced excavating for the foundation of his new [illegible] Main street.

—There are [illegible] locomotives in use on American railroads, representing an investment of [illegible]

—[illegible] Mesler of Kane has moved his [illegible] and will soon commence the [illegible] of a dwelling house.

—The proudest man in town is Harry W[illegible] Give him a call at one of the neatest [illegible] stores in town.

—What was known as the Draper well [illegible], Tioga county, has proved a [illegible] and has been abandoned.

—The members of the Protected Home [illegible] have a picnic at Cascade Park to-day. Quite a number went from here.

—Presidents Hayes and Harrison are the only chief magistrates who ever visited the Pacific coast. Will President McKinley be the third?

—F. H. and C. W. Goodyear have generously donated their residence on what is known as the terrace, at Austin, to be used as a hospital.

—Der grosse farmer, George Bayer, from Katoffel strom var im staten gestern. Der hat kase tzum ferkaffen, und dar kase var ferdampt gute.

—The trustees of the Baptist church have a force of men at work excavating for the foundation of their new church, corner King and Hill streets.

—The employes of the railroad shops at Renovo picnicked at Emporium last Tuesday. As usual a grand social time of enjoyment was the result.

—As the old roosters crow the younger ones learn. The same with the messenger boys, they have followed the example set by men and are out on a strike.

—Coudersport has a wife beater. They should erect a whipping post. Any man who will strike his wife forgets the sacred obligations he assumes at the altar.

—Last Saturday at Renovo the baseball aggregation of that town goose-egged the [illegible] swingers from Emporium, the game ending 8 to 0. It was a fine game.

—The first census, taken in 1790, did [illegible] The census of 1890 cost [illegible] This shows something of the marvelous growth of the country in a century.

—Henry Crawford of Sizerville will [illegible] put down a well on his lands and [illegible] "anything you want." We'll take [illegible] gold nuggets, Hank.—Emporium Independent. You are too particular; we [illegible] be satisfied with gold dust.

—An impromptu, but nevertheless [illegible] party was given at the hose house last Thursday night. New York's four hundred would had it difficult to excel Smethport's society young men when they [illegible] effort to do the graceful.

—It has been found that by the use of [illegible] colored spectacles, people using smokeless powder can be discovered. Field officers in the American army in the Philippines are to have their glasses equipped with violet-colored glass.—Ex.

—A fine walk of Indiana sawed stone has been laid in front of the residence of J. Heber McCandless. Such improvements are permanent. May the good work continue.

—Rev. Dr. Walker will preach on the following topics next Sunday: At 10:30 a. m., "Christ Received and Followed." At 8 p. m., "The Persuasions and Warnings of the Gospel."

—Miss Rena Gallup sang her first solo at St. Luke's church last Sunday morning. She has a fine contralto voice, and her first attempt was a pleasant surprise to her many friends.

—There is no reason in the world now why the county commissioners should not proceed at once and make the necessary repairs on the jail. The court has recommended the repairs to be made.

—You should read R. Seger & Son's new advertisement this week. They are going to make room for new goods and are offering unheard-of bargains now. Give them a call and be convinced.

—Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Terry, who reside in the Burbank residence on Main street, were made supremely happy last Friday morning by the arrival of two little girl strangers. All are doing well.

—The "old folks" to the number of about twenty enjoyed a straw ride to Hazelhurst last Monday night. Fun, oh no! it would have taken a B., B. & K. car to have held the bushels of fun they enjoyed.

—Tales of terrible suffering continue to come from the Klondike. Will people ever learn to leave well enough alone and remain in God's country and not go where they are sure of either freezing or starving to death.

—Messrs. Berry & Walker of Olean have been painting the residence of S. G. Bush, on Bank street, inside and out. They have done a most excellent job, and Mr. Bush is as proud as a boy with a pair of red top boots.

—The Cramps have secured the contract for building two large ocean steamers that will be 610 feet in length. Before long they will commence the building of a ship 700 feet in length. This vessel will be over an eighth of a mile long.

—Fred Dorman of Williamsport was found guilty in the United States court at Erie last week of wholesaling oleomargarine without a licence. Judge Buffington sentenced him to pay a fine of $1 and ten days in the Lycoming county jail.

—Nelson Woodcock of Ladona, near Coudersport, committed suicide one day last week by cutting his throat with a jackknife. The deceased was born at Lymansville, now Ladona, in 1823 and had resided in that neighborhood ever since.

—An interesting bicycle race to Burbank crossing and return took place last Saturday night between Lloyd Armstrong and Roy Carter. Lloyd's wheel became clogged when near the Wright House and Roy sustained a severe fall. Carter won.

—Your attention is directed to the new advertisement of Ike Simons, the Bradford clothier. Mr. Simons keeps a well-selected stock of gent's furnishings and his reliability can be depended upon. When in Bradford be sure to call on Ike.

—The annual meeting for the election of officers and hearing reports from the different departments of work in the W. C. T. U. will be held in the M. E. chapel Wednesday, August 2, at 3 p. m. A full attendance is desired and members cordially invited.

—Kane has a strike on its hands, but the strikers are quiet and orderly. The employes of the chemical works struck for an increase of ten cents per day, says the Republican. They were promptly paid off and the works will probably start up with new men.

—Two carloads of rails were unloaded for the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R'y on Tuesday. The iron is arriving as fast as it can be secured. The erection of temporary bridges has commenced and the grading is nearly finished between here and Hazelhurst.

—On the 8th of April John Rohn of Clinton county suddenly disappeared. He was a wealthy farmer and every effort has been put forth to discover what became of him, but so far no trace has been found. Almost four months have elapsed since his disappearance.

—List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending July 22, 1899: Charlie Kerns, Cliff McFall, Manager Opera House (2), Mrs. Anna Smith, Johanne Wolf, Miss Annsee White. Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

—Last Monday three million feet of timber were destroyed by fire at Winterburn, near DuBois. A spark from a passing locomotive was the cause of the conflagration. The mill belonging to the Wise Lumber Co. was saved. The loss is estimated at $30,000, partly insured.

—The new agement of the MINER has decided to issue on Thursdays hereafter, in order that the paper may reach distant subscribers before Sunday. Patrons and correspondents will please govern themselves accordingly and have all communications reach this office one day earlier.

—"Josiah Allen's Wife" (Marietta Holley) has finished her new story and the first instalment is published in the August Ladies' Home Journal. It is in her characteristic, humorous vein, but may be said to be a story with a purpose. It bears the name of "My Stylish Cousin's Daughter."

—The MINER on Tuesday received several copies of the Los Angeles Daily Times, giving a clear and concise history of the National Educational Association held there recently. The Times is an up-to-date daily and compares favorably with the New York and Philadelphia papers.

—The editor says so many pleasing things about the church and pastor that it ought not to inconvenience the dear preacher to give the editor a few complimentary remarks now and then. He would then experience "that it is more pleasant to give than to receive."—Newspaper Talk.

—Col. Albert A. Pope, the millionaire bicycle manufacturer, first saw a bicycle in Philadelphia at the Centennial Exposition in 1876. He was fascinated by the machine and spent several days in studying its mechanism and unconsciously laying the foundation of his great fortune.—Lancaster Examiner.

—By referring to the list of advertised letters it will be seen that two are addressed to the manager of the opera house. The MINER has no knowledge of that party's whereabouts at the preset time, but lives in hopes that some of our capitalists will devise means to secure an opera house before winter.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. The sermon at the morning service will be on the Sunday school lesson for the day, "The Sabbath and the Lord's Day." At the evening service the choir will sing Gounod's Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in D, a new service.

—It may not be generally known that persons who from carelessness or any other cause take mail from the postoffice that belongs to another and fail to return the same are liable to a fine of $500 or one year's imprisonment. This applies to newspapers thus taken from a postoffice as well as other mail matter.—Ex.

—A farmer down in Clearfield had one of his sheep killed by a dog. Its appraised value was $1.50. The justice of the peace demanded $2, each of the auditors charged $1 and the constable wanted the 50 cents for serving notice on the auditors. The poor farmer came out of the sheep deal at the little end of the horn.

—Miss Lois Johnson, who for some time has been staying with the family of Gust Johnson, but who went to Mead Run a few days ago, was taken suddenly sick there and on Monday a special train was run to bring her to this place and from here she was sent to Smethport. Slight hopes are entertained for her recovery.—Mt. Jewett News.

—Last Saturday Dr. W. A. Ostrander received official notice from the State board of examiners of having passed a most creditable examination and that he was now a full-fledged disciple of Esculapius. He registered the same forenoon and is now ready to do business on a large scale. The MINER desires to congratulate the young man on his success.

—Trouble in the M. E. church at Mahaffey, in Clearfield county, became so bitter between the factions recently that when a member named Richard Morrison died one of the factions would not allow the remains to be brought into the church and the funeral sermon was preached in the public highway. They have evidently forgotten the 11th commandment.

—Would-be census enumerators, who are flooding the mails with applications for positions that pay about an average of $50 to each worker, should know that they must undergo an examination to qualify for the places, and then the appointments are made in the order of merit. One enumerator is selected for every 4,000 population.—Philadelphia Press.

—Last Friday Chas. Warp, an employe of the new glass works at Kane, fell from the roof to the ground, a distance of about 48 feet, says the Republican. A scaffold part way down broke his fall somewhat, but he struck the ground with terrible force. His hip and leg were fractured, besides being fearfully bruised about the body. There are hopes of his recovery.

—Last Sunday afternoon while a party of young people were taking a boat ride on Gifford's pond, one young man in order to get a better view of the surroundings stood up in the bow of the boat. Unfortunately a snag was struck when our young man suddenly found himself compelled to fin it. Mercury was fooling around the 90 mark so it proved a pleasant immersion.

—The new reservoir at Eldred has been accepted and that town now has an excellent water supply. Mr. T. L. Sartwell has been appointed superintendent and will have entire charge of the plant. The reservoir is located on the farm of James Biggins about three and one-half miles up Barden brook. It has a capacity of over 4,000 barrels of water and has a fall of 250 feet to Main street.

—A little girl's father saw her one day burying a little piece of paper in a hole she had made in the soft earth in the garden. The proceeding aroused his curiosity and after she had gone he went to the place where she had planted the paper and dug it up to see what it was. There was just one line written on it: "Dear Devil:—Please come up right away and take my auntie."—Life.

—The drive to Burbank crossing and from there down the east side of Potato creek is becoming very popular with those who have fast steppers. The scenery is fine and the farmers along the route seem to vie with each other as to who can present the most attractive homes and well-cultivated farms. The distance is about six miles and one gentleman has made it in less than half an hour.

—Comrade Wright has been placing some fine improvements on his popular hostelry. His sample room and office have been repapered and painted, floors have been newly laid where needed and a fine bar finished in hardwood with all the modern fixtures takes the place of the old one. Fine mirrors behind the bar add to the attraction. Mr. Wright feels justly proud over his improvements.

—Apropos of a gathering of colored folk to be held at Greenville, Miss., the editor of the Delta Light House (himself a colored man) says: "The chickens, ducks, turkeys and geese held a convention a few days ago to consider plans for emigrating. We think it is a very wise step, for if they remain in Greenville what the members of the M. E. State Convention will do for them will be 'a plenty.'"

—The young men talk of choosing a vocation in life as if they had to decide between a chance to become a famous writer, lawyer, preacher or railroad president, says the Atchison Globe. As a matter of fact, they have to hustle to get the humblest job, must take what they can get and work hard to keep it. No man "chooses" anything—not even his wife, and after he is married he can't choose what he wants to eat.

—What a great undertaking the topographical survey of Pennsylvania is may be gauged from the fact that the maps are required to show every house in city and country; every road and path; the size, shape and height of every hill, mountain, valley, stream, lake and pond, by means of contour lines. It is estimated that the work will require fifteen years, and an expenditure at the rate of $20,000 annually.—Philadelphia Press.

—An exchange reports that they've found an editor in heaven. How he got there is not positively known; but it is conjectured that he piously passed himself off for a Christian and stepped in unsuspected. When the "dodge" was discovered they searched the beautiful realms of felicity in all their length and breadth for a lawyer to draw up the paper for his ejectment but they could not find one and of course he held the fort. Lucky editor.

—The Bradford correspondent to Pennsylvania Grit says that the Democrats of McKean county are still at sea as to a candidate for sheriff. The right man for the place has not yet materialized. What's the matter with giving an editor a place? Put the name of Mr. Sam Lindsley on the Democratic ticket and he would receive a fine vote.—Potter Democrat. A very good suggestion. He would then find out the actual condition of the jail, if fortunate enough to get elected.

—Two wells were shot at Gaines last Sunday. About 3,000 excursionists had come from different directions to witness the interesting sight, both shots were successful. After the crowds had departed some hayseed poking around Atwell No. 8 scratched a match on the seat of his pantaloons. There was an explosion of gas and in a few minutes the derrick and engine house were in ruins, involving a loss of about $2,500. The hayseed escaped, could not burn him.

—Mr. M. S. Marsten, a prominent English statistician, devoted three days in Philadelphia in an attempt to find dishonest people who would take money offered on an imaginary debt. In three days' time he only found three men out of the many approached in that manner who were willing to take the money. This is highly creditable for the city of brotherly love. Mr. Marsten will visit all the prominent cities of the Union and then write a book on his experiences in regard to the honesty of the American people.

—Judge Mayer of Lock Haven several months ago tried a suit at Williamsport. The case was known as the Harrison Wheeland vs. Clarence Atwood, with notice to D. A. Fessler, garnishee. The plaintiff sought to attach certain money, the proceeds of a life insurance policy in the hands of Fessler. Judge Mayer decided that the plaintiff could not recover. The Superior Court reversed Judge Mayer and now the Supreme Court reverses the Superior Court and sustains Judge Mayer. What authority will have the next guess at the question?

—Chester St. Clair has a badly swollen face to-day, the result of being bitten by a kissing bug. This new-fangled and unwelcome visitor has struck town at last, and Olean is as strictly in the fashionable swim as Clarkdale. Now we may say in the words of the illustrious James E. Black: "Oh, you who sit in hammocks, on piazzas still and dark, all hid from yonder moon that sails the heavens white and stark, you'd better quit your spooning and mind what you're about, or the kissing bug will get you—if you don't watch out."—Olean Democrat.

—The funeral of the late Miss Joanna Bannon occurred at the Catholic church in Blossburg, Thursday morning, July 20, 1899, Rev. Dr. Lucas officiating. The deceased was a devoted Christian who had spent her entire life in that boro. She possessed a gentle and amiable disposition and was highly esteemed and respected. Her death, though not unexpected, is a sad blow to her aged mother and other members of the family. Her brothers, Hon. Anthony Bannon and William Bannon, of Bradford, attended her funeral.—Republican-Advocate.

—A painting representing four barrels stuffed with United States bills of all denominations, from the one dollar silver certificate to the $1,000 treasury note, was seized by the secret service authorities at Boston the other day. It was very cleverly executed, and represented three months of diligent work on the part of the artist. In size, colors and the smallest details the bills were faultless fac-similes of the denominations they represented, even the signatures having the shades and characteristics of the originals. The luckless artist had refused an offer of $500 for the painting two days before it was confiscated.—Exchange.

—An exchange very truthfully remarks: In the scales of public opinion there is no amount of contempt heavy enough to outweigh the feeling honest men have for the anonymous letter writer. The sublimest height to which such an assassin can rise falls immeasurably to reach the lowest level of disgust to which a clean mind can descend. Of all moral outcasts, the writer of a communication to which he is afraid or ashamed to sign his name, is the only one with no saving attribute to arouse pity or honest detestation. And if anything can make still deeper the feeling he inspires it is a prompt penetration of the writer's identity and design.

—In New York on Tuesday the State railroad commission heard arguments on the application of the C. N. & W. Railroad Company for an extension of their line in Perkinsville, in Steuben county, to Macedon, in Wayne. From Wayland to Macedon there are no railroad facilities at all and residents of the neighborhood are anxious for the road to be extended. After the examination of Engineer Anthony McComb of Bradford, who had drawn the plans for the road, the hearing was adjourned until Friday, when it will be continued in the city hall at Binghamton.—Era. This simply means an extension of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R'y.

—Last Friday afternoon while the little six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fauver of Christian Hollow was playing around the house she found a collar button, which unfortunately she swallowed. She started upstairs where her mother and the rest of the children were. When near the top of the stairs the mother heard her moans and met her and taking the child down stairs she seated herself in a chair with the little sufferer on her lap, who expired almost instantly. Dr. Chadwick was sent for, who stated to the MINER man that the child's life could not have been saved as the button had lodged in the wind pipe. The parents are heart-broken over this terrible visitation to their happy home.

—The man who would attend church week after week for three years, receiving the full benefit of that institution without paying a cent toward its support, would not be looked upon with very profound respect. Yet there are those who will take up a county paper, every week, for three, five, ten years, without feeling any compunction for not having paid a cent to help pay the expenses of collecting and publishing the news they have read with pleasure and profit each week for so many years. If a preacher had many such in his congregation, he could not be blamed for mentioning the fact in the pulpit. Can a newspaper be criticised for gently hinting that it takes money to pay the expenses of publication?—Ex.

—At 6 o'clock Monday morning Fred W. Backus of the Arlington cafe and Miss Caroline M. Schott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Schott of West State street, were united in marriage by Father Hamel, at the parsonage. The ceremony was a very quiet one and took place in the presence of relatives and immediate friends only. The bride and groom are both young people who have a host of friends in Olean, all of whom extend hearty congratulations and best wishes for many happy years as husband and wife. Mr. and Mrs. Backus left on an extended wedding trip, and will be absent about two weeks.—Olean Democrat. The MINER tenders congratulations and hopes their matrimonial bark may find tranquil and peaceful waters to sail on during life's voyage.

—That Mr. Andrew Reilly was correct in his assertion made while the Grand Central hotel was burning, July 8, now goes without contradiction. Mr. Reilly stated on that day that those brick walls would be found in excellent condition after the fire. Since that time three prominent architects, one from Williamsport, another from Olean, and the last from Buffalo have pronounced the walls to be in good condition for rebuilding, without any tearing down. The MINER earnestly hopes that our capitalists will see their way clear to form a stock company and have the hotel rebuilt. The property is offered at a price that is marvellously cheap. The town is sadly in need of more hotel accommodation, in fact cannot get along without it. Who will make the first move to start a stock company to rebuild the Grand Central? Come, gentlemen, step to the front and help boom our pleasant town.

L. K. Hogarth & Co. have about 50 beautiful gold fish for sale. They are beauts and no mistake. Come early and secure first choice. 24

It will pay you if you are going to build to come to Holmes & Gilfillan for prices on everything.

For Sale Cheap—A second-hand Rambler bicycle, in fine condition. Call at Dr. Pierce's dental parlors.

A girl's wheel for sale cheap. Call at the store of M. L. Armstrong. 24

Hammocks at L. K. Hogarth & Co.'s all styles and prices. 21-tf

Important Decision.

Chief Justice Sterrett of the Supreme Court Wednesday handed down a decision in the Gearhart township election contest which will be of interest not only to the voters of Northumberland county, but of the entire State. Judge Savidge decided some time ago that a voter making a cross in the circle at the head of the column on the ticket, not containing the names of the candidates for all the offices to be voted for, could not vote for another person who is a candidate for an office for which no nominee was contained in said column, by marking a cross in the square opposite the name of such person in another column.

C. B. Witmer, Esq., who represented M. F. Gulick in the contest referred to, took exceptions to the decision of Judge Savidge and appealed the case to the Supreme Court. That court reversed Judge Savidge and sustained the election board of said township and directed the contestants to pay the costs.

By the decision of the Supreme Court the voter may vote for all the candidates contained in the column by placing a cross in the circle at the top of the column and he may also vote for a candidate for an office for which no nominee appears in said column, by marking a cross in the square opposite the name of such candidate in another column.—Renovo News.

Street Car Collision.

A fatal collision between street cars occurred yesterday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock on East Main, near the intersection of High street. Two cars collided a short distance from the scene of the fatality that shocked the community one week ago yesterday. It was supposed that Mr. J. L. Johnson, motorman of one of the cars in collision, was the most severely injured in yesterday's accident, but later this opinion was changed when it became known that Frederick A. Balton, aged 17 years, son of Andrew Balton, had died of injuries sustained in the wreck. The list of the dead and known injured is here given, but a number of persons suffering from minor bruises left the scene before their names could be secured:

Dead, Frederick A. Balton. Injured, J. L. Johnson, No. 38 School street, left foot crushed, hurt in left side, contusions on the head, condition serious, at hospital. Edward L. Ward, No. 48 Kennedy street, bruised about the body and legs. James Moynahan, motorman of special car, left arm bruised. Mrs. H. Smith, No. 130 High street, slight bruises. Harry Smith, boy 13 years old, left leg badly cut. Nellie Riley, 17 years old, No. 22 Rochester street, slight contusions about the head, severe nervous shock. Margaret Hanlon, No. 2 Bushnell street, bruised about the head. Miss Lillian Bennett, Riddell, ankle sprained. Frank Wilson, No. 44 Pike street, leg injured. Lew Stebbins, St. James Hotel, ankle sprained.

YOUNG BALTON'S DEATH.

Fred Balton was more severely hurt in the terrible crash than any person suspected. It was known that his broken arm, his injured chin and the lacerations on other parts of his body would render his case a most painful one. Yet nobody seemed to realize that death was so soon to claim him. He was surgically treated at the hospital and was afterwards taken to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Balton, No. 44 Washington street. He was in a sort of stupor and it was apparent that he was suffering from cerebral injuries. It appears that the physicians discovered a sore spot on the back of the head at the base of the brain. This was the injury that most seriously affected him. Yet the doctors did not think until late in the evening that he was in danger of death. When he collapsed, shortly after 9 o'clock, a determined effort was made to revive him, but the attempt was fruitless. At 9:45 he died. He was aged 17 years and was a bright, energetic youth, who gave much promise of future usefulness. His parents are sorely stricken in their bereavement.—Monday's Era.

An Old Train Order.

A copy of one of the earliest train orders ever issued is in the possession of General Superintendent J. C. Moorhead, of the Erie railroad. As compared with modern train orders it is very crude, but is interesting as an example of old-time methods of railroading. The order is as follows:

"Freight trains will in all cases wait for passenger trains and for mail trains, and be kept entirely out of their way, never leaving the station on the time of a passenger train, unless on positive information received from it. The rate of speed is fourteen miles per hour for freight trains, and engine men of freight trains are not at liberty to make up for delays by increasing the speed beyond this rate. A freight train that is up to time will wait for fifteen minutes at the proper passing point for another freight train, which may be delayed. It may then proceed, steadily using precaution until it meets the other train or receives a message from it. The freight train which is behind time will move at a walk when it approaches the road time of a coming freight train, and until the train has been passed, although the parties in charge of both trains will be responsible for any kind of neglect or want of caution, it will be more particularly the duty of the train which is behind time to keep the lookout, from twenty minutes before the time and point where it should meet the approaching freight train, unless it passes it, and to keep a man then ahead with a red flag or lantern, as the case may be, some distance before entering curves, until the approaching freight train has been met. Where freight trains happen to meet between stations the train which is the most behind time will back to the last station unless it shall have already passed over two-thirds of the distance between the stations, in which case the other train will back up.

"The decision of the conductor of the train which is the nearest to the time will rule where there is a difference of opinion. When both trains are equally behind time the train nearest the turnout will back up. The decision of the eastward train will rule in this case, where there is a difference of opinion. Conductors will act promptly and in a forbearing spirit when they differ under such circumstances, never detaining the trains on the road. When one party insists the other will give way, always reporting after the circumstances of the case."

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive, you have a bilious look; if your stomach be disordered you have a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys be disordered, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good alterative and tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Purifies the blood, cures pimples, blotches and boils, and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at L. K. Hogarth & Co.'s drug store. 50 cents per bottle.

Reduced Rates to Pittsburg.

On account of the Young People's Christian Union, U. P. Church, to be held at Pittsburg August 2 to 7, the Pennsylvania Railroad company will sell excursion tickets from points on its line, to Pittsburg, at rate of single fare for the round trip; minimum rate twenty-five cents.

Tickets will be sold on August 1 and 2 and will be good to return until August 8, inclusive, except that by depositing ticket with the joint agent at Pittsburg before August 8, and the payment of fifty cents the return limit may be extended to leave Pittsburg not later than August 31, 1899.

For specific rates and conditions apply to ticket agents.

Wanted.

One thousand chestnut telegraph poles delivered along the line of the Mt. Jewett, Clermont & Northern Railroad between Smethport and Hazelhurst. Poles to be of good, sound live timber, not less than six inches in diameter at the small end, 25 feet in length and of approved specifications. Apply to M. S. BLAIR, Purchasing Agent, Interior Construction & Improvement Company, Hornellsville, N. Y. 24

Niagara Falls Sunday Excursion August 6.

The W. N. Y. & P. R'y will run a popular low rate excursion to Niagara Falls Sunday, August 6. Special train will leave Smethport at 5:50 a. m. Fare for the round trip $1.25. Seven hours at the Falls. Returning, special train will leave Niagara Falls 7:30; Buffalo 8:15 p. m. Tickets also good for return passage on all regular trains Monday, August 7. This will be the last Sunday excursion to the Falls this summer. Take it in.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Small family.
MRS. RALPH E. BURDICK.

[illegible] are the cheapest at Holmes & Gilfillan's. Come and see for yourself.

PERSONAL MENTION.

A. D. Doyle spent Sunday in Bradford.

John R. Shoemaker Sundayed in Buffalo.

Mrs. F. E. Chambers visited Buffalo friends Tuesday.

Attorney J. N. Apple visited Bradford on Saturday.

Sheriff Davis transacted business in Bradford Tuesday.

Emil Thamm transacted business in Clermont Monday.

Attorney J. E. Mullin of Kane was in town Tuesday.

Harry Gaffney of Kushequa had business in town Tuesday.

Chas. McKean transacted business in Bradford Monday.

Mrs. W. G. Smith of Olean spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mrs. C. D. Comes visited Eldred friends Wednesday morning.

A. F. McBride of Ormsby was a caller at this office last Friday.

Hon. A. G. Olmsted of Coudersport was in the hub on Tuesday.

A. DeShetler of Sinnemahoning was in town the first of the week.

John L. Smith of Clermont transacted business in town yesterday.

J. F. Keating of Clermont was visiting friends in town on Tuesday.

Miss Lulu Keenan came home from Buffalo Saturday to visit her parents.

Hugh Boyd of Clermont registered at the Chautauqua House Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Gillette returned last Saturday from a visit to Buffalo.

Editor W. L. Lillibridge of Port Allegany was a visitor at the hub last Tuesday.

Mrs. J. W. Herriman of Oconto, Wis., is the guest of her son, James Herriman.

Jas. Lanigan of Kushequa has been circulating around town for the past week.

Attorney H. N. Rose of Port Allegany had business in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Vorhees of Olean visited relatives in town the first of the week.

The old Democratic war horse of McKean county, C. F. Byron, was in town Monday.

Wallace Armiter of Eldred was a guest of his aunt, Mrs. C. D. Comes, on Tuesday.

Miss Lydia Burlingame of Kasson was the guest of Mrs. Jonathan Colegrove last week.

Mr. Marshall of Buffalo, agent for Dun & Co., was greeting old friends in town to-day.

Mrs. B. D. Christley and Miss Bessie Scanlon of Colegrove were visitors in town Monday.

Thos. Camp and family departed for Newcastle last week where they will spend some time.

County Treasurer J. W. Campbell of Kane spent several days in town the first of the week.

Dr. W. F. Montgomery of Bradford filled his engagement at the Wright House Wednesday.

Prof. Saunders and wife of Buffalo are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Z. C. Weisz of East Smethport.

Pat Kilday and Mike Fleming of Port Allegany were greeting old friends in town Wednesday.

Conductor Tom Lawler departed Monday for Buffalo. He was taken ill at Bradford and returned home.

Miss Flora Parsons of Bradford was the guest Saturday and Sunday of the Misses Shoemaker in town.

Mrs. E. T. Daly, Miss Alice and Master Robert are visiting friends in Allegany Springs, near Warren.

Miss Adeline Leam of Eldred has been the guest of Mrs. G. W. King of East Smethport for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Carrie Reilly and Miss Freda Shaffer early Monday morning drove to Olean to attend the Backus-Schott wedding.

Misses Beulah Bacon and Katherine Weaver of Bradford were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver on Tuesday.

Matt Ruddy, Jr., of the auditor's office of the war department and Chas. J. O'Neil of the pension department were guests of S. D. Weaver Tuesday.

J. H. Sparrie, the expert gold crown worker at Drs. Weller & Grohes post graduate school, Rochester, is a guest of Dr. F. C. Pierce of this place.

F. W. Brown, a prominent architect of Buffalo, was in town Tuesday viewing the ruins of the Grand Central. He pronounced the walls in excellent condition.

Mrs. J. C. Backus, Misses Lucy and Nellie and Masters Merle and Harold drove to Olean Sunday afternoon to attend the wedding of Fred Backus and Miss Carrie Schott.

Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Moon of Coudersport were guests of friends in town yesterday. Mrs. Moon proceeded to Kane where she will visit friends, while the Doctor will remain in town a few days.

Mr. J. Hoerscher of Pittsburg, an old-time friend of ye editor, was a most welcome caller last night. Seventeen years have elapsed since our last meeting, but his hand-clasp was as warm and hearty as ever.

Comrade Wright was over at Turtle Point Wednesday locating a fishing resort for himself and Sheriff Davis. Neither a boat nor convenient log could be found so he gave up the job in disgust and returned home.

Machine to Blow Glass.

Steadily machine labor supercedes hand labor. The latest labor-saving device is that of a machine to blow glass bottles, called the "Arlegnst." The device is the most compact and probably the least costly of all the automatic glass workers. It is so small and convenient for transportation that it may be carried in an ordinary hand satchel. The machine of that size will turn out bottles of every size and shape at a speed of many sizes just 50 per cent more than the hand shops. In finish and workmanship the bottles surpass in uniformity of appearance the work of the hand shops. The necks of the bottles, the bete noir of bottle manufacturers and workers, are perfectly true to uniformity of shape and finish and the sharp or rough edge is a condition unknown to the automatic "blowed." To illustrate the difference to the manufacturers it may be said that with the "Seconage bottles," for instance, the hand shop of five workers, three skilled men, will turn out four 16 gross per day while the machine produces 20 gross per day with the labor of only three boys none skilled. If bottles can be blown by machines why not glass of all kinds? Who knows but that in a few years the glass blower and his long swinging pipe will be as scarce as a horse vehicle?—Ex.

Two Boys and Two Cows.

Tuesday morning we saw two boys and two cows. The boys were taking the cows to pasture. There was nothing unusual about such a scene for it is a common thing to see boys driving cows to pasture. What impressed us was the different modes of the two boys in driving their respective bovines. One boy, a little fellow with a pink waist and dark trousers, wearing a straw hat, walked by the side of his cow and occasionally would rub her neck and speak kindly to her. The cow knew that he liked her and she feared no harm. She was as gentle as an old family horse. The other boy (little brute) put in his time, exerted his strength and wasted his energy in throwing stones, clubs, sticks, etc., at his cow and in running her. Occasionally he would curse the poor beast and blankety blank her at a rapid rate. It is not hard to determine which cow will yield a profit and which will be kept at a loss, not because she is not able or willing to turn food into butter fat, but because she cannot do it under such treatment.—Oxford Democrat.

Persons troubled with diarrhoea will be interested in the experience of Mr. W. M. Bush, clerk of Hotel Dorrance, Providence, R. I. He says: "For several years I have been almost a constant sufferer from diarrhoea, the frequent attacks completely prostrating me and rendering me unfit for my duties at this hotel. About two years ago a traveling salesman kindly gave me a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Much to my surprise and delight its effects were immediate. Whenever I felt symptoms of the disease I would fortify myself against the attack with a few doses of this valuable remedy. The result has been very satisfactory and almost complete relief from the affliction." For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Through Sleeping Cars to the Thousand Islands, August 10th.

The W. N. Y. & P. Ry. will run their last popular Vacation Excursion to the 1,000 Islands and the St. Lawrence River Saturday, August 10th. Tickets good returning ten days, will be sold at the low rate of $6.50 from Smethport. Train leaves at 2:23 p. m. These excursions offer the cheapest and most delightful vacation outings. Arrangements have been made for through sleeping cars. Rate per berth from Olean $2. Secure space of W. N. Y. & P. Ry. agents in advance to insure accommodations.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Lachamp, Elston, Mo., write: "One Minute Cough Cure saved the life of our little boy when nearly dead with croup." L. K. Hogarth & Co.

The finest of room moulding 60 varieties to select from. Call on L. Koenig Water street.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FARMERS VALLEY.

Glenn Farr, who has been living at Mr. Goodwin's for some time was very badly hurt last Saturday afternoon. While unloading hay he in some way got his hand caught in a pulley and was drawn up, his weight suspended by his fingers, one of which was nearly torn off and his whole hand crushed. He was taken to Smethport and Dr. Chadwick attended him. He has the sympathy of all who know him.

Miss Bertha Martin gave a leaf party for her young friends on Wednesday last. They were charmingly entertained. Master Glenn Stull secured the booby prize and marched off with a young bantam rooster, much to the delight of his companions.

The lawn social of Saturday evening was a very pleasant affair. The evening was perfect and the attendance good, over $8.50 was raised, for which the Y. P. C. U. are grateful.

The Erie district Y. P. C. U. held its annual rally at Coryville this year, July 20. The Valley Union joined with them in carrying out an interesting program.

There are rumors of more new wells to be located here soon. Much land is being leased and the outlook is encouraging.

Mrs. A. D. Bennett and son, Lloyd, have returned to Mr. Goodwin's where they expect to remain during the summer.

The Misses Evans of Smethport attended the social Saturday evening and spent Sunday with Valley friends.

Miss Ella Smith of Lock Haven is spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. Mary Decker.

Mrs. Rebecca Stull and uncle, Dr. E. Beckwith, drove to Wilcox this week.

Haying and wheat harvesting are nearly over in our hustling valley.

Miss Myrtle Stull is visiting her friend, Eva Mott at Port Allegany.

Ella Palmer is visiting relatives and friends in surrounding towns.

Frank Fritz of Simpson was in the valley Monday and Tuesday.

LARABEE.

On Friday night burglars entered the store of Z. R. Carpenter and after breaking off the knob and battering the dial of the combination lock of the safe out of shape without making any other impression upon it, gave that up as a bad job, and loading themselves down with cigars, rum, perfume and whatever else seemed to take their fancy went away leaving store doors open. That they were unprofessionals is clearly demonstrated by their handiwork on the safe. There are strong suspicions as to the parties which time may materialize.

The Misses Bridget and Fannie Lynch of Colombine, Ireland, arrived at the home of their cousin, Mrs. D. Daly, on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Mabel Wilmarth of Duke Centre and Miss Maud Osborne of Austin were guests at the home of Mrs. Oscar Carpenter Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Taylor and son, Edward, of Turtle Point were guests of Mrs. Oscar Carpenter Sunday.

The Misses Calista and Jessie Carpenter were guests of relatives in Eldred over Sunday.

Miss Statia Phalin of Phalin, Pa., was a guest of Miss Jessie Carpenter Thursday.

Mrs. P. C. Crandall and daughter, Cecil, are visiting relatives in Olean.

Judge A. G. Olmsted of Coudersport passed through town on Tuesday.

Miss Mary Lynch of Smethport spent Sunday with Mrs. D. Daly.

Hugh Boyd of Clermont was in town Wednesday.

Miss Luella Moyer left for Mt. Jewett Monday.

John Bell of Buffalo was in town on Tuesday.

CLERMONT.

In furtherance of the prospective terra cotta works a car load of clay left Clermont Monday for Findlay, Ohio, where a thorough test will be made after which it is expected negotiations will open for construction of a plant here.

Business on the three roads centering here is booming, and a glance at this town would give but a slight idea of the volume of business handled here.

Hay making is nearly completed and a good yield is reported. Crops of all kinds are looking good and promise well for a bountiful harvest.

Two new engines for the B., St. M. & S. W. have arrived from Pittsburg Locomotive Works and work to perfection.

Miss Katie Aumann of St. Marys is visiting her many friends here this week.

Mr. C. E. Decker has accepted a position with the B., St. M. & S. W.

Mr. F. Spangler and lady drove to Smethport Sunday afternoon.

F. H. Reed and wife drove to Farmers Valley Sunday.

Mrs. M. Windsor visited her mother at Olean this week.

D. W. Dickinson has moved into his new house.

G. G. Wandrum is suffering with rheumatism.

Miss Della Williams is visiting at Altoona.

Portage Falls Excursion $1.00.

On Sundays, July 2, 16, 30, August 13 and 27 the W. N. Y. & P. Ry will run popular excursions to Portage Falls. Special train will leave Smethport at 5:50 a. m. Fare $1.00. Trains will arrive at Portage Falls Park 11:30 a. m. Returning, leave 5:15 p. m., giving nearly six hours to visit the Falls and their delightful surroundings. A band of music will accompany each excursion and give a free concert at the park during the afternoon.

Beau Brummel
was noted for his
Taste in Dress

We are noted for our taste in Gentlemen's Suits. You will like our taste when you see our $12 to $16 Suits at

$8,
$10,
$12.

IKE SIMONS,
46 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

Branch Office
SMETHPORT
Dr. Montgomery,
THE WELL-KNOWN BRADFORD
EYE SPECIALIST-OPTICIAN,
has established a branch office at the WRIGHT HOUSE and will be there every 30 days. The next visit will be
WEDNESDAY, JULY 26.
Headache and Nervousness cured with Glasses.
EYES EXAMINED FREE.

SMOKE
King James
5c Cigar.
JOE HOLDER, Sole Agent.

WE DO NOT INTEND

to keep our Summer Goods this Fall and Winter. The stock is seasonable and there is plenty of time to get good wear out of these goods this summer. We must have room so have inaugurated

A Sacrifice Sale

at which all goods will go at cost. The big stock now on hand has got to be moved before the fall and winter goods arrive and we intend to make the big dollar do the moving.

The Stock Includes

Summer Underwear
Light Suits, Neckwear
Shoes and all Warm
Weather Goods. Go to

R. SEGER & SON,
Reilly Block. SMETHPORT, PA.

Wells' Drug Store.

Some Things At

FINE STATIONERY—The finest the market affords. Hurd's, Yorkshire, Imported Linens, Bond Papers, etc.

We Don't advertise what we don't do. We fill prescriptions from pure drugs and chemicals and guarantee the same. Our prescriptions are all filled by scientific men.

NOW is the time to try our Spring Tonic—50c a pint.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT!
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS,
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

SPECHT & SASSE,
THE OLD RELIABLE
FURNITURE DEALERS.
Are better prepared than ever to fill your wants in their line. Their stock is full and complete. Their prices at rock-bottom.
Do not fail to give them a call.
UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

ICE CREAM SODA
Ice cream in bricks or by the quart delivered to any part of the city.
Brasted's

The Necessary Resources
By Anthony Hope

With Anthony Hope the name is enough. If it's a story and he wrote it, the chances are it's worth reading. This one is and we are going to offer our readers the opportunity of perusing it. We have purchased it, together with

Nine Other Original Short Stories

They will be printed from time to time in these columns.

New England Bakery,
Cor. Main and Union Sts.
FRESH HOME-MADE
Bread
Cookies
Cakes
Pies
SALT RISING BREAD MADE MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
J. W. PICKERSGILL,
Smethport, Pa.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
The Leading JEWELER
and dealer in
WATCHES
CLOCKS
NOVELTIES
FINE JEWELRY
SPORTING GOODS
Remember I am still the agent of the Pope Manufacturing Company and that when you buy a Columbia Chainless you are not experimenting. The experiment was made by hard riders over rough roads before the wheel was put on the market. They're just as represented.

DENTISTRY.
Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Hotel Men Attention!
The A. E. Taylor estate offers for sale the hotel property known as the Picard House and Grand Central connected buildings, Smethport, Pa. This property is situated on the south side of Main street, at the northeast corner of Square No. [illegible] (one square east of the Court House) and has a frontage of [illegible] feet on Main St. and a depth of [illegible] feet. The Picard House is a three-story brick building, [illegible] feet frontage and a depth of [illegible] feet, and is connected with the Grand Central. The Grand Central was a brick building four stories high with a frontage of [illegible] feet and a depth of [illegible] feet, the walls of which are now standing, the rest of the building having been destroyed by fire July 8th. The entire property is offered for sale very cheap, and on reasonable terms. For particulars, terms, etc., address W. H. Gallup, executor, or Boulton & Gallup, Att'ys, Smethport, Pa. 24-ef

LOOK UP!

Our fathers to their graves have gone.
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers
We grasp the weapons he has given—
The light and truth and love of Heaven.

—Whittier.

St. Sylvestre.

He Made Up His Mind Too Late.

On the night of the 31st of December my friend Jacobus, after having dined in silence at the table d'hote of the Golden Rose, retraced with quick steps Gougeline street, where his bachelor lodgings were.

The street was solitary and badly lighted by a faroff gas jet. The north wind, blowing directly between the two rows of black facades, cut Jacobus' visage and, notwithstanding the closely buttoned overcoat, made our friend feel that the blood of 40 years did not possess the warmth of prime youth.

Therefore did he agitate with an impatient hand the hammer which decorated the landlady's door.

It was the daughter of the house, Mlle. Franceline Bigeard, who opened to him, holding in one hand the folds of her apron, filled with chestnuts, and in the other the lamp which lighted up her face and her sparkling blue eyes.

Those blue eyes, the frizzly brown hair and the bright smile of Mlle. Franceline still gave an attractive piquancy to her face, although she was commencing to fade, having attained her twenty-eighth year on St. Catherine's day.

"I beg your pardon for having made you wait," said she to the shivering lodger, "but I was in the act of splitting chestnuts. We have kept two of my friends to supper, and tonight we will end the year by roasting the chestnuts and washing them down with a glass of Pignolette. At your service, M. Jacobus."

"Thanks," answers he, appearing in a hurry. "Thanks, mademoiselle."

If he refused, it was not that Franceline's company was displeasing to him, on the contrary. But he kept himself in reserve, fearing to place himself under obligation to this girl who wanted to marry and not wishing that too much familiarity should make him slip little by little, on dangerous ground.

He was not insensible to the blue eyes and to the smile of the young lady, but he was afraid of marriage. He resembled those children who are about to take a cold bath, who dip one foot in the water, then take it out again and cannot decide to take a final plunge.

"Thanks," said he again on going up the stairs. "No letters have come for me?"

"No, M. Jacobus, the mail carrier has brought nothing."

"Well, decidedly I'm forgotten!" sadly thought Jacobus as he put the key in the keyhole. "The entire world has forgotten the way to my house."

Jacobus felt himself become, little by little, in a fit of bad temper. This night everything had gone wrong. The logs on the fire cracked instead of flaming; his lamp flickered without giving light; a drafty wind passed under the door and froze him to the marrow.

"A thinker—Joubert, I believe," murmured he as he lighted his pipe, "has said that 'the evening of life brings its lamp with it.' Mine lights very badly and my crepuscle is decidedly gloomy.

"This weakening of the interior light is one of the fatal consequences of celibacy. Maturity and celibacy! Two unhealthy mediums which germinate and start a lot of bad seed that one thought dead and that bring forth ugly flowers with a bitter scent: tardy remorse, sterile regrets, hesitations and fear of old age.

"Fear especially, a cowardly fear which keeps one from acting, which turns one from generous resolutions, from all fructuous daring. I remember in the time of my youth at a moment when I was about to climb a steep cliff of the Pyrenees, I met a man ripe in years and already bent down, and as I interrogated him as to the road to follow he cried out to me,

"'Do not climb up there. The road is a veritable foundry. You will get out of breath all to no avail.'

"I shrugged my shoulders and kept on my way, laughing at the pusillanimity of that middle age, and this is what I have come to! The least pebble disturbs me, the most childish difficulty takes the proportions of an impossibility. I know no more how to dare or to will, and I retire to my bachelor cell regretting the chances that I let slip at the time my twentieth year flourished in all its freshness."

At that moment the eclat of young voices came from below, and in this gay noise Jacobus could distinguish Franceline's clear laugh.

"They are amusing themselves down stairs!" thought he again, with a sigh. "They are drinking to the year that is passing and to the one that will be born.

"For them a year that passes away and one that begins do not waken melancholy thoughts. They are not yet at the age when the weeks and the months seem to go by with the rapidity of a swallow on the wing. They will come to it nevertheless, and to Franceline as well as to the others! She is going on to her twenty-eighth year and has not yet found a husband. Poor girl! Little by little her cheeks will fade, those blue eyes will lose their brightness, her laugh will change those clear notes for sharp and dry intonations, and she also will know the loneliness of a celibatist, the regret of chances that have flown away and the fear of ripe age. Oh, the old maids! I pity them even more than the old bachelors!

"The prison of isolation. And for them more obscure and more narrow. The world is more severe. The quick blood may groan in their heart as in a walled up reservoir. They must smother its bubbling. Thus charming girls fade away, and that is what will happen to Franceline unless a brave fellow makes his appearance who is loving enough and courageous enough to transplant in a warm medium this pretty plant.

"But then, miserable one, since thou understandest so well all those things, why art not thou that brave fellow? Thou art tired of thy frozen foyer. Why dost thou not make of her a happy and joyous mate?

"Ah! There it is, precisely. I do not know any more how to dare!"

While he was immersed in these bleak and disenchanting ideas Jacobus was losing the notion of the exterior phenomena. A chill which ran along his back brought him back to reality. He perceived that his fire was consumed without throwing out any heat, that his pipe had become cold and that his window was badly closed. Just as he was about rising to shut it hermetically new joyous rumors came from the first floor, and new silvery laughter from Franceline struck his ears. He had still a moment of hesitation, then the spirit of this December night decided him. He blew out his lamp and descended, feeling his way down the staircase, and, guided by the laughter, he knocked timidly at the landlady's door.

The door opened wide, and by the bright light he saw around the fireplace a circle of young people busy peeling chestnuts.

"My faith!" said Jacobus. "I heard your laughter up stairs, and it made my mouth water. Will you make room for me at your side, Mlle. Franceline?"

And then, in sending a tender look toward Franceline, he saw all of a sudden that that place was taken. A young man of about 30 years, a forester, was seated on the same bench with the young girl and was very close.

While her friend opened his great bulging eyes the landlady said to him, advancing a chair: "Come near me, M. Jacobus; I'm going to give you some news. We are killing two birds with one stone. We are feasting the St. Sylvestre, and we are toasting the betrothal of our Franceline with M. le Garde General Sandax. Take, then, a glass and drink with us. They will be married the 2d of February."—From the French of Andre Theuriet For New York Press.

Handling Foreign Mail.

No sooner has the "liner" reported off the Narrows or [illegible] "Fire Island" than a veteran of the transportation department, accompanied by a host of clerks and porters, hastens to the foot of Cortlandt street and boards the Postmaster General, the flagship of the postoffice fleet. The boat was built for this service and is equipped with spacious mailrooms, shoots for transferring sacks, and other receiving appliances. Steam is up and she is off down the bay to meet the big steamer. She makes fast to her sides and the mails are received aboard through the shoots, while the clerks check and verify the number received on a sort of invoice called "way bill," prepared by the London, Havre, or sea postoffices.

Frequently the passengers are still awaiting the quarantine doctor while the mails are speeding on their way to the battery, where the New York city sacks are landed; then to the Pennsylvania railroad, then to the foot of Forty-second street, where wagons await the mails for the Grand Central depot. Thus a great saving in time is often gained, while formerly the whole load was first to the docks of the several steamship lines, then by wagon to the general postoffice, then again by wagon to the different depots.—[illegible]

A Methodical Doctor.

"The most methodical man in New Orleans is a physician of my acquaintance," said a traveler. "In one corner of his bedroom are two valises standing in a row. Above them on a rack are a mackintosh, an umbrella and a shoulder strap holding a mosquito netting and a [illegible]. The doctor has a large country practice, and he keeps this equipment in readiness for sudden out of town calls.

"One side of each valise contains a set of tools, and so on for a special class of surgical cases, all different, but the other sides are exactly alike. Their contents consist of a change of linen, a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe,' a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, a pipe and tobacco and a box of dominoes. Thus fortified, the doctor says he can stand a siege of two days on any plantation in the entire south.

"When he gets a hurry up call he simply picks up the satchel that contains the right instruments and walks off. He says that his system has saved an enormous amount of valuable time and several more or less valuable lives."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Influence of the Flat.

The flat has made its mark on the conditions of modern life. A good illustration of this fact is the following story of a bright Kenwood youngster "going on 6." The boy heard a visitor say to his grandmother, "Well, I suppose you feel very proud these days, with three of your sons married and settled?"

"Only two!" corrected the boy, who was not supposed to understand anything at all about the subject. Just to see what he did was his grandmother, and her visitor cross examined him. The conversation ran like this:

"Why, do you think only two are married, John? There's your Uncle Jim—he's one."

"Yes, ma'am. And he lives in a flat."

"What's that got to do with it? And there's your Uncle Fred—he's two."

"Yes, ma'am. And he lives in a flat too."

"Why, yes, certainly. And there's your own father—he's three."

"No, ma'am," cried the youngster triumphantly. "My papa isn't married. I know he isn't 'cause he lives in a house."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Bear Baiting In Olden Days.

So popular was bull baiting in olden days in England that riots followed the attempt to suppress it in the large towns. Bear baiting was more popular still, if that could be. In various places, Liverpool especially, it made part of the festivities at the election of the mayor, being held before his worship started for church. Ladies commonly attended in great numbers. There was a famous bear at Liverpool, which showed such grand sport in 1782 that certain fair admirers presented it with a garland, decked it with ribbons and carried it to the theater, where a special entertainment had been "commanded," which Bruin sat out in the front of their box. But of gossip about bull and bear baiting there is no end. Enthusiastic lovers of Shakespeare read with interest the petition of the royal bear warden, addressed to Queen Elizabeth in 1591, complaining that his licensed performances had been neglected of late because every one went to the theater.

Favor and Favour.

Now I am not going to argue about the matter, but it may interest the reader to know that the first canvassing card which Mr. Gladstone ever issued, when he was a young Tory candidate at Newark, was printed in this way: "Mr. Gladstone to solicit the favor of your vote and interest."

So those misguided creatures who say that "favor" is a modern Americanism must explain how an ultra blue Oxford Tory, educated up to the eyebrows, came to use that form of spelling nearly 70 years ago.—London Leader.

Pulsations of the Earth's Crust.

A delicate instrument designed by Mr. Horace Darwin will indicate slow tilts and pulsations of the earth's crust of less than one three-hundredth of a second, or an angle less than an inch in a thousand miles. It consists of a circular mirror suspended from brackets by two wires of very unequal length. Slight tilting of the upright causes exaggerated motion of the mirror. The spot of reflected light will vary half an inch when a finger is laid on the support of the apparatus.

He Knew Not the Word.

"Did your father bring you?" asked a teacher in a West Virginia mountain Sunday school of a small new pupil.

"Me what?"

"Your father?"

"None."

"Did you come alone?"

"None."

"Who came with you?"

"Me pap."—Harper's Bazar.

For a Dull Appetite.

"Is that your father's grindstone?"

"Yes, sir. He's a grinder and sharpener."

"Oh, he is, is he? Well, can he put an edge on a dull appetite?"

"Easy, sir, if you'll turn the stone."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sharks were almost unknown in the Adriatic until the Suez canal was opened. Now the harbors of Fiume and Pola are so infested with them that residents dare no longer bathe in the open sea.

ANIMAL ANTAGONISMS.

Bouts Confined In Cages. Fight For the Sake of Fighting.

Fights in sheer devilment sometimes take place between animals in confinement. A short, sharp battle took place in Edmonds' menagerie between a lion and a tiger 40 years ago. The lion was the same which had escaped from Jamrach's yard in what was then Ratcliff Highway and bitten a boy. Mr. Edmonds bought it, and is said to have billed it as "the tiger that swallowed the child." Of course, the beast was a great draw, but after a few days in its new quarters the tiger managed to draw forward the sliding shutter and squeeze itself into the adjoining den, where a lion was confined. The lion resented the intrusion, but was immediately seized by the throat, and, though there were tremendous struggles, the fight was practically over as soon as it commenced. The tiger never loosed its hold, and in a few minutes the lion was dead.

About 20 years later a fatal fight took place in the lion house of the Zoological gardens, Regent's park, between a tiger and a tigress. The latter was illtempered, and, in sparring with her mate, drove her claw through his nostril, and so began the fray. The tiger threw her down, and struck her several times with his paw, but without doing serious damage, and then turned away as if to discontinue the fight. This the tigress would not suffer, for she sprang at his flank and fixed her teeth in his thigh. This was more than he could stand. One wild bound freed him; in a moment she was knocked over, and he gripped her by the neck, in which his huge canine teeth made fearful wounds. Sutton, the keeper, now managed to drive him off, and he used to say that when the tiger loosed his hold the blood spouted from his victim's neck and splashed on the roof of the lofty den.—Cassell's Magazine.

LOADED WITH HARD LUCK.

Several Bitter Experiences of a Youthful Runaway.

Young John Kathner, an inexperienced hobbledehoy thirsting for adventure, ran away from home the other day with 100 marks in his pocket. Determined to see the world he booked for Berlin, intending to surprise a spinster aunt residing there, with whom, however, he was not personally acquainted. On reaching his destination he strolled about the city making inquiries for Aunt Kathner's place of abode.

A woman accosted him: "What, you are from Ahlen! What is your name?" On hearing it, she exclaimed: "Himmel! Why, then, I am your aunt; come home with me." Young Greenhorn did her bidding, they supped together, and he was sent to bed.

On awakening next morning he discovered that his clothes and his money were gone, and so, too, was auntie. In his despair he rushed to the window in his nightshirt, crying out his misfortune to the passersby.

A woman with an infant in her arms responded to his appeal. "I will go and find your auntie," said she, "and leave 'baby' with you meanwhile." Hours passed, with baby howling for sustenance.

At length a constable came to Johann's rescue with a suit of clothes, and bundled him and "his infant" off to the police station, whence the inspector wired to the young man's father, "Your son Johann is here with his infant. You can take them in charge on payment of the expenses incurred."—Berlin Correspondence.

A Sure Winner.

A buzzard who found a freshly killed hare and was about to bear it away to a treetop to be eaten at leisure, was addressed by a fox who came running up with:

"Ah, now, but I mistook you for the eagle and wanted a word with you."

The buzzard was flattered and offered reynard the head of the hare. As she did so the wolf came up and observed:

"Well, well, but who ever saw the buzzard looking so fierce and so proud as today? Really, now, but I took you for the condor."

That tickled the buzzard again, and to show her good will she divided the body of the hare with the wolf. She had said that she must be off, when the jackal came trotting up and exclaimed:

"Upon my word, but I must have dust in my eyes. I was sure that my friend here was the ostrich, and I was going to ask her for a feather. Mrs. Buzzard, my compliments!"

The buzzard grinned and giggled and tried to look shy, and meanwhile the jackal ate up the other half of the hare.

"Here—how's this—where's my part?" exclaimed the buzzard, as she got to see what had happened.

"Oh, we took the meat and you have the taffy!" replied the jackal as he licked his chops and walked off.

Moral.—When craft will not avail and argument goes for naught, flattery will always win.—Buffalo News.

No Ghosts Could Fool Him.

A naval officer who held a civil employment at Rhode Island during the American war of independence, and who was of a remarkably spare, skeletonlike figure was stopped by a sentinel late one night on his return from a visit and shut up in the sentry box, the soldier declaring that he should remain there until his officer came his rounds at 12 o'clock.

"My good fellow," said Mr. W——, "I have told you who I am and I really think you ought to take my word."

"It will not do," replied the soldier. "I am by no means satisfied."

Then taking from his pocket a quarter of a dollar and presenting it, "Will that satisfy you?"

"Why, yes; I think it will."

"And now that I am released, pray tell me why you detained me at your post?"

"I apprehended you," said the soldier, "as a deserter from the churchyard."—Mirror.

Splintering the Speaker's Desk.

When Samuel J. Randall was speaker of the house he proved himself an artistic and scientific desk splinterer. During the Forty-fourth congress, when the electoral vote was counted and Mr. Hayes was declared president, Mr. Randall pounded the top of his desk out of shape three times. Employees of the capitol who do the repairing of furniture assert that there never has been a speaker who did not leave the desk at the close of a session in bad condition, but that Mr. Reed succeeded in splintering it more effectively than any other speaker.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Almost Criminal Neglect.

"Here," said the statesman who had been temporary chairman of the convention, "I'd like to know what kind of a party organ you're running anyway."

"Why," the editor asked, "what's wrong?"

"In your account of the proceedings you have not once referred to my speech as 'a ringing address.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A diseased stomach surely undermines health. It dulls the brain, kills energy, destroys the nervous system, and predisposes to insanity and fatal diseases. All dyspeptic troubles are quickly cured by Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It has cured thousands of cases and is curing them every day. Its ingredients are such that it can't help curing. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Gun shot wounds, powder burns, cuts, bruises, sprains, wounds from rusty nails, insect stings and ivy poisoning—quickly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Positively prevents blood poisoning. Beware of counterfeits. "DeWitt's" is safe and sure. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

FARM AND GARDEN.

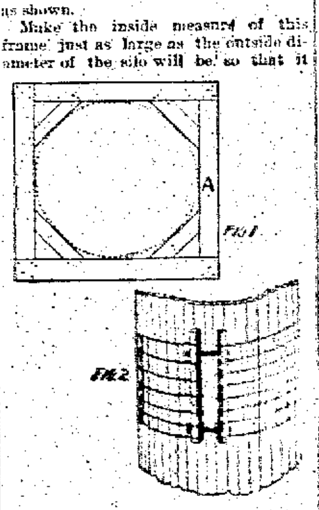
SILO BUILDING.

How to Mount the Frame and Set Up a Stave Silo.

In the course of a series of articles on silos and ensilage in the Ohio Farmer John Gould gives concise and clear directions for building the now popular round silo. He says:

In setting up a stave silo it is necessary to make a staging, so that it will nearly conform to the cylindrical form of the silo. To do this it is best to set four posts solid in the ground close to the outside of the silo and mount on this a frame, as shown in Fig. 1 of the first cut. This can be readily made of 16 feet boards, with the corner boards, as shown.

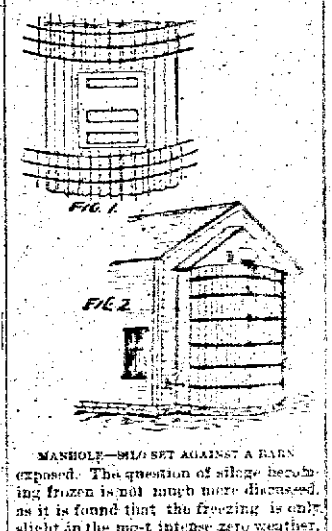
Make the inside measure of this frame just as large as the outside diameter of the silo will be, so that it will touch the frame at eight points. Start by tacking a stave to the frame, then add staves, toe nailing them on to the other at top and bottom with one nail at each end of the stave, and so on round. The platform should be at least 12 feet from the ground and staid so that it cannot twist or sway. The hoops can then be put on, and as they are tightened are pounded into place and trued up so that the inside surface shall be as true as possible.



FRAME—WIRE FENCE HOOPS.

For hoops some think the seven-eighths of an inch rod with burrs at both ends, using a 4 by 4 inch scantling long enough for two hoops, makes the best tightener on a silo. Some think the flat hoop the best. The later idea is the 52 inch wide Page fence, four bands to a silo, for hoops, as described above. The method of drawing these bands together is shown in Fig. 2, the wire being snugly wrapped about two 4 by 4 inch oak scantlings 56 inches long, so as to come (when put about the silo) within about ten inches of each other, and are then brought together with two stout bolts, with double burrs. Incidentally these bands are placed about 17 inches from each other so as to have a manhole between each, as illustrated in Fig. 1 of the second cut. When the silo is complete, a machine 16 inches square is marked out, and cleats are nailed on to hold the staves firmly together. The "hole" is then sawed out so as to have a 1½ inch bevel, as seen in dotted line, and is put back into its place, and makes a perfect airtight door, only needing a little curtain of tarred paper placed over it on the inside when the silo is filled.

Fig. 2 shows a round hooped silo set up against the end of a barn with a sort of connecting link with the barn shown at A, which helps to hold it solid, affords a partial protection and fills up two corners. The balance of the silo is not covered, the hoops being exposed. The question of silage becoming frozen is not much more discussed, as it is found that the freezing is only slight in the most intense zero weather, and if soon fed out does not seem to be injured to any noticeable extent. The carrier to this silo fills into the top at B.



MANHOLE—SILO SET AGAINST A BARN.

When to Sow Buckwheat.

The old rule of delaying the sowing of buckwheat until the 4th of July is hardly a safe one to follow in northern states, where frost often nips this tenderest of all vegetables before its grain is perfected. There is of course danger from too early sowing of this grain, exposing it to the severe heats which sometimes prove as destructive as frosts, blasting the blossoms so that they do not set with grain. But if the buckwheat can be sown during the last days of June there is little danger that it will be blasted by the heat, and the loss from untimely frosts, which is the evil that is most to be feared, will be avoided. This is the advice of The American Cultivator.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

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Clams, Cigars and
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THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

EMIL THAMM,
TAXIDERMIST,
Birds and Animals finely Stuffed and Mounted
Manufacturer of Fine Cigars.

EFFECTS OF CHLOROFORM

Such That Burglars Would [illegible]

[illegible] of chloroform in the commission of their crimes is [illegible] widely held and firmly maintained, and yet there is currently little foundation for it. Indeed, those who are most familiar with the administration and effects of anaesthetics assert that there is no foundation at all for it except in the imagination of sensational writers and in the needs of people whose losses cannot safely be explained by statements of fact. The question has been raised recently by several robberies in which chloroform is said to have been employed and opinions of the experts are strongly against the possibility of such use. One of the physicians interviewed is quoted as saying:

"As far as known chloroform and ether have never taken effect on a healthy sleeping person without that person knowing it. Both of these anaesthetics are at first stimulating and invigorating in their effect and will arouse a sleeping person. The entire system is excited, and the heart beats violently and fast. The use of either chloroform or ether or any other anaesthetic by burglars is absurd. It frequently takes physicians with their various appliances from 10 to 15 minutes to put a person under the influence of either of these anaesthetics, and often a patient will become so stimulated and active before the effect is secured that it requires several strong men to hold him."

The idea that the mere introduction of chloroform into a room would cause unconsciousness was derided as absurd. Even if doors and windows were air tight it would take several gallons of either anaesthetic to so fill a room with the heavy fumes as to affect a sleeper on a bed of average height. And the first effect would be, not deep sleep, but excited wakefulness. The chances are, then, that when anybody claims to have been chloroformed by burglars there is something queer about the case.—New York Times.

CAMEL'S HAIR BRUSHES.

The Term a Misnomer Now, For Squirrels Furnish the Hair.

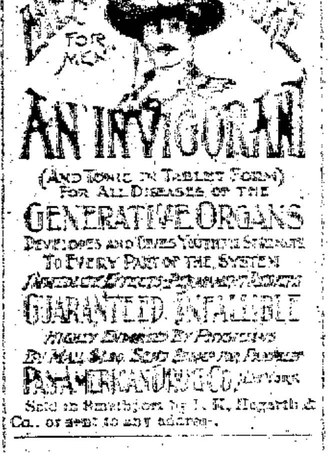
The camel's hair brush used by artists has nothing of bactria in it. There was a time when real camel's hair was used for this purpose. The ship of the desert, however, has long been superseded by the homely squirrel. Not only is squirrel's hair very much less costly, but it is better, softer, more pliable and more durable. At the present day it is doubtful if you could find a bushel of camel's hair in all the brush factories in the land. However, there is no cause for fear that the graceful little squirrel will be exterminated. It is the European squirrel that furnishes the hair for the brushes, the covering of the American squirrel being too furry and soft for the purpose.

It is somewhat the same way with the [illegible] brushes. The bristles most prized come from Russia and India, and the wild hogs of Germany furnish their quota. The great American hog runs to fat and puts forth practically no bristles. In the countries above mentioned the collecting of bristles is quite an important industry among the peasantry of certain districts. In comparatively few cases are they stripped from the dead body of the hog. The usual method is to discover the haunts of the animals and to gather the bristles from the trees against which they rub themselves.—New York Sun.

The Woman and the Car.

It's a strange thing about women and cable cars when the time comes for them to part. A man or a boy will just naturally drop off the car and start along the street as if nothing had happened, but let a woman attempt to emulate his example and sad work does she make of it. Even a rainy day costume doesn't help her out much, for skirts have little to do with her bungling method of leaving the car. It is a matter that cannot be explained so easily as can her inability to throw a ball, for in the latter case anatomy is at fault.

Sometimes she puzzles over it herself, but in the majority of cases she gives the matter no thought, but simply rises, grasps the railing, and, whether the car is at a standstill or in motion, steps off backward. Some one should be able to offer a reasonable explanation of the very apparent fact that her impulse in this case is to do the incorrect thing. Even when she carefully studies the subject and trains herself to face in the same direction in which the car is moving it never "seems natural" to her.—New York Sun.



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GENERATIVE ORGANS
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To Every Part of the System
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Agent for the Welsbach Lamps.
Thos. H. Clark,
SMETHPORT, PA.

[illegible]

[illegible] a dollar for a card and a plug for the fountain for the rest of the quarter.

The floral offering was too much for the pinkless three, and they all turned on the radiant recipient of the flower.

"Say, Nellie Norris, you're too fresh! Ain't you got a nerve? Flirting that way with a stranger."

"Oh, go on!" laughed the shameless one. "Youse all jealous! 'Tain't my fault if he thinks me the prettiest."

The young man laughed guiltily.

"That's so," he said. "And you are too."

He was a silly young man.

For the tree now attacked him with zestful bitterness.

"Say, mister, you'd better get your change and go before the floorwalker comes around. You'll get that poor girl discharged, and that'll be a nice thing, when her father drinks and her mother's in the hospital."

"Nellie" turned on them like a fury.

"Don't you tell no lies about me," she said fiercely, "or for two pins I'll tell what you said about the floorwalker. You talk to me all you like, young man."

But the young man had fled before the storm that he had so foolishly fomented.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Flank March.

"'Stonewall' died," ran one of the most popular fables, "and two angels came down from heaven to take him back with them. They went to his tent. He was not there. They went to the hospital. He was not there. They went to the outposts. He was not there. They went to the prayer meeting. He was not there. So they had to return without him, but when they reported that he had disappeared they found that he had made a flank march and reached heaven before them."—"Stonewall Jackson," by Lieutenant Colonel G. F. R. Henderson.

No Reflection Intended.

This was overheard on a cable car the other [illegible]. An overdressed woman climbed in and took a place on an otherwise vacant seat. The [illegible] conductor took the quarter that she handed him and [illegible] he rang up the fare. "Other?" he asked absently.

"Yes, and don't try to be funny," she snapped.—New York Sun.

The Long Lived Elephant.

According to Aristotle, Buffon and Cuvier, the elephant may live for two centuries. After his victory over Porus Alexander consecrated to the sun an elephant that had fought for the Indian monarch and gave it the name of Ajax. Then, having attached an inscription, he set it at liberty. The animal was found 350 years after, making its age easily somewhere between three and four centuries.

Accused Unjustly.

Mrs. Newwed—Alphonse, how could you be so cruel? You swore you'd keep nothing from me, no matter how trifling it was.

Newwed (feeling in his empty trousers pocket for 10 cents he wanted for street car fare)—Well, my dear, you seem to have found it out, anyhow.—Cleveland Leader.

If you want to forget all your other sorrows, get a pair of tight shoes.—Des Moines Leader.

The Gold That Glitters.

DO RICHES MAKE HAPPINESS, OR DOES HEALTH MAKE WEALTH?

The richest man cannot always be said to be the most successful, for true success is not possible without happiness. Many a wealthy man would give all he now possesses to have the health and happiness of a young athlete. Health is not hard to get and keep if good judgment is used in caring for and supplying the needs of the system. Nature often needs assistance; you sometimes abuse nature by overtaxing your nerves, your brain, or your body, and you haven't time to relax, and take the rest that you need. You must have outside help. Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic, will supply the extra fuel, food, and strength; it is absolutely pure—an unequalled assistant to nature in giving health, vitality and strength. It will make you eat and sleep well, and cause you to feel like yourself again, or perhaps better than you ever felt in your life. The "Best" Tonic was awarded the 1st points of perfection at the World's Fair, and was the only Malt Extract which received that honor. Your nearest druggist carries Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic in stock.

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Does your bicycle need repairing? I can do it.
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Remember I also do
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And guarantee my work to be first class. The price is moderate. No robbery here.
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Neatest of Fits Guaranteed.
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Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
"Digests what you eat."

OUR BEARDED LADY.

Designing men, through alluring and cunningly worded advertisements, constantly endeavor to work upon the feelings of sick and ailing women by inviting them "to write to a woman" and secure a woman's sympathy." It is well to remember that the best sympathy is to had at home and not from strangers, perhaps hundreds of miles distant. The object of the sick is to get well, and however precious sympathy may be, it never yet cured a seriously afflicted woman. While the sympathy of your milliner or dressmaker might be appreciated and be just as beneficial, if not more so, than sympathy from a stranger, yet it can not effect your cure if you are an ailing woman.

It is loudly proclaimed through the press that "a woman can best understand a woman's ailments," and on this ground sick women are invited to "write to a woman" and get the benefit of a woman's advice. The sort of "understanding of her ailments" wanted by a sick woman is a trained medical understanding. If a woman has this trained medical knowledge she understands woman's ailments *not as a woman*, but as a *physician*. If she is not a doctor she cannot understand the ailments at all, and cannot treat them successfully, because she lacks the necessary training.

As far as known, there is no regularly qualified woman physician connected with any proprietary medicine especially designed for women—no one, therefore qualified by learning and experience, to advise on questions of disease and its cure.

It is certain that there is no one, man or woman, connected with any "put-up" medicine for women excepting only Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, who, like Dr. Pierce, is a regular graduated and qualified physician, and who has, like him, devoted more than thirty years to the special study and treatment of diseases of women.

For more than thirty years Dr. R. V. Pierce, a regularly graduated doctor, has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. On his staff are nearly a score of regularly graduated, experienced, skilled physicians, each of whom is a specialist in his chosen class of diseases. Every letter addressed to Dr. Pierce as above, has prompt, conscientious attention, is regarded as sacredly confidential and is answered in a plain envelope so your private affairs are kept safe from prying eyes.

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Time Table taking effect June [illegible]

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

[illegible] A. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mount Jewett, and Kane, connecting with P. & W. Ry for Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

[illegible] A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

[illegible] P. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mount Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with P. & E. train for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and at Bradford with Erie R. R. train for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport daily, except Sunday, at 9:25 a.m., 1:20 p.m., and [illegible] p.m.

JNO. C. McKENNA,
Gen. Pas. Ag't,
Bradford, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday June 13, 1898

Ar. Eastw'd A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Lv. Westw'd A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.47	7.15	2.10	Ulysses	7.32	2.30	10.05
8.27	7.10	1.59	Crowells	7.41	2.39	10.15
8.23		1.56	Carpenter		2.41	10.17
8.19		1.53	Perkins		2.44	10.21
8.15	7.02	1.50	N'wf'ld Junct'n	7.47	2.46	10.25
		1.45	Newfield	7.51	2.50	10.30
7.55	6.54	1.41	Gold	7.55	2.54	10.35
7.40	6.40	1.33	Raymond	7.59	2.59	10.42
7.17	6.29	1.24	Seven Bridge's	8.11	3.11	10.55
7.10	6.26	1.2[illegible]	Colesburg	8.14	3.14	11.05
7.00	6.25	1.11	Frink's	8.22	3.22	11.06
6.50		1.05	Nor Cport		3.31	11.20
6.45	6.15	1.00		8.36	3.35	11.30
6.30	7.52	12.53	Coudersport	8.41	6.0[illegible]	1.10
		12.9	Hammond			
4.15	7.6	12.44	Olmsted	8.56	6.06	1.27
3.59	7.46	12.40	Mina	8.50	6.10	1.31
3.45		12.33	Knowlton		6.16	
3.40	7.30	12.30	Roulette	9.00	6.21	1.45
3.30	7.20	12.22	Burtville	9.06	6.29	1.55
3.3		12.15	Coleman		6.35	
3.20			Chemical Works			
3.15	7.1[illegible]	12.10	Port Allegany	9.15	6.40	2.25
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Dep't.	Arrive A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

[illegible] A. McCLURE, Supt.

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TIME TABLE.

WESTERN NEW YORK PENNSYLVANIA

In effect April 2, 189[illegible]

Trains leave Smethport for [illegible] Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

Buffalo Express, daily (except Sunday) [illegible]
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, [illegible] p.m.
Local for Olean, daily except Sunday, [illegible]
*Train leaving Smethport 2:15 p.m. connects at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, and points south.

*Clermont Local, daily ex Sunday [illegible] a.m.
Clermont Accom. daily ex Sunday [illegible] p.m.
Clermont Accom. daily ex Sunday [illegible] p.m.
*Clermont Local connects through to Johnsonburg.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south.

Mail, daily ex Sunday [illegible] a.m.
Mail daily ex Sunday connect at Emporium for Philadelphia [illegible] p.m.

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General offices Mooney Brisbane Bldg, Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Buffalo N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect May [illegible]

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:25 a. m.—Train 8, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:27 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

4:25 p. m.—Train 6, weekdays, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:[illegible] a. m., Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:40 p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m., New York, 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sunday); Baltimore 6:35 a. m., Washington 7:45 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, weekdays, for Erie, Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont, and intermediate stations.
10:29 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and weekdays for DuBois and intermediate stations.
6:15 p. m.—Train 15, weekdays, for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 9 leaves New York 5:55 p. m., Philadelphia 8:50 p. m., Washington 7:20 p. m., Baltimore 8:40 p. m., arriving at Emporium Junction 5:10 a. m., weekdays, with Pullman sleepers and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

Train 3, leaves New York 7:25 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Baltimore 11:50 p. m., daily arriving at Emporium Junc. 10:29 a. m., with Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport, on Sundays only, Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 15 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:50 a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 a. m., weekdays, arriving at Emporium Junction [illegible] p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Kane.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Weekdays.

NORTH P. M. Lv.	STATIONS.	SOUTH Ar. A. M.
9.40	Ridgway	11.10
[illegible]	Johnsonburg	11.[illegible]
[illegible]	Bendigo	[illegible]
[illegible]	Glen Hazel	[illegible]
[illegible]	Straight	[illegible]
[illegible]	Instanter	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible] Run	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Clermont	[illegible]
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:30 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at [illegible] p. m. and at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at [illegible] p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Ag't.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway

THE SHORT LINE.

On and after June 1, 189[illegible], passenger trains between Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST BOUND.

[illegible] a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, [illegible], Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

1:40 p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

6:25 p. m.—Buffalo Express—Daily. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH-BOUND.

[illegible] a.m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

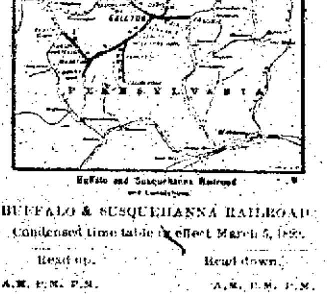
[illegible] p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

L. B. McINTYRE, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

Popular Scenic Route



Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.

Condensed time table in effect March 5, 189[illegible]

Read up.				Read down.		
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
9.55	7.38	12.25	ar Keating S't lv	12.40	7.56	
8.10	7.09	12.00	Austin	6.40	1.05	[illegible]
	7.04	11.53	Costello	6.47	1.14	
	6.57	11.42	Wharton	[illegible]	1.30	
	6.33	10.58	Cross Fork Jct	7.44	2.00	
	5.48	10.31	Corbett	8.11	2.30	
	5.27	10.21	Germania	8.22	2.37	
		10.15 lv	Galeton ar			
P.M.	A.M.					
7.10	12.35	9.55 ar	Galeton lv	8.38	2.53	
6.55	12.42	9.42	Gaines Junc	[illegible]	[illegible]	
6.19	12.06	8.40	Westfield	9.33	3.43	
6.05	11.50	8.25	Knoxville	9.47	3.56	
5.55	11.31	8.06	Osceola	[illegible]	4.06	
5.51	11.30	8.09	Elkland	10.03	4.12	
5.45	11.25	7.55 lv	Addison ar	10.25	[illegible]	
	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
	5.10	10.00 ar	Galeton lv	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	4.53	9.41	Walton	6.45	[illegible]	
	4.37	9.17	Newfield Jct	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	4.09	8.58	West Bingham	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	3.58	8.48	Genesee	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	3.52	8.42	Shongo	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	3.30	8.20 lv	Wellsville ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
	4.49	10.10 ar	Galeton lv	8.20	2.00	
	4.19	9.59	Gaines June	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible] lv	Ansonia ar	9.12	3.32	
	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
	2.00	7.30 ar	Cross Fork Jct lv	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	1.00	6.30 lv	Cross Fork ar	12.00	7.00	

All trains daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating S't with N. Y. C. & H. R. union station.
At Ansonia with F. B. R'y union station.
At Newfield Jct. with C. & P. A. union station.
At Genesee with N. Y. & P. union station.
At Addison with Erie R. R. union station.
At Wellsville with Erie R. R.

H. C. UNDERHILL, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Buffalo, N. Y.
C. W. GOODYEAR, Gen'l Manager, Buffalo, N. Y.
W. W. ATWOOD, Superintendent, Addison, N. Y.
W. C. PARK, Superintendent, Galeton, Pa.

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R. R.

To take effect at 5 o'clock a.m., Monday, August 2, 189[illegible]

South		Stations		North
2.20		Clermont		[illegible]
2.24		Chatham		[illegible]
2.50		Wildwood		[illegible]
3.20		North Fork		[illegible]
3.11		Kay Fork		[illegible]
3.14		Gray Gables		[illegible]
3.30	7.40	Ar St. Marys Lv	Lv Ar	12.35 / 11.50
3.35	7.45	Kaul		[illegible]
3.42	7.51	Detsch		[illegible]
3.48	7.55	Groll		[illegible]
3.52	8.00	Gillen		[illegible]
4.00	8.10	Paine		[illegible]
4.08	8.15	Centreville		[illegible]
4.14	8.20	Dagus Crossing		[illegible]
4.21	8.29	Shelvey Summit		[illegible]
4.30	8.36	Cuneo		[illegible]
4.33	8.40	Thompson		[illegible]
4.36	8.43	Curry		[illegible]
4.46	8.49	Brandy Camp		[illegible]
4.46	8.51	Elbon		[illegible]
4.50	8.55	Hyde		[illegible]
5.10	9.10	Shawmut		[illegible]
p.m.	a.m.			a.m.

NEW WAGON
and
PAINT SHOP.
I have started a Wagon and Carriage shop in Hartwell's building on State street and am prepared to do all kinds of wagon and carriage painting and repairing. Will also furnish [illegible] of New York. I am well known to the people of Smethport and they can trust me with their work. I have 15 years experience and invite competition.
John Servatius, Smethport, Pa.